

KRISHNA OUT OF HIS FLUTE

Dr. Intaj Malek



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POEMS ON KRISHNA

Dr. Intaj Malek



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KRISHNA OUT OF HIS FLUTE

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02 December, 2023

FOREWORD

I feel immense pleasure in extending my congratulations to Dr. Intaj Malek for penning enchanting verses on Krishna within the treasure trove of this poetry collection, "Krishna Out of his Flute." In the labyrinth of literary works devoted to Lord Krishna, these verses stand as an iridescent tapestry woven in contemporary threads, meticulously crafted to resonate with the soul of the modern era. Amidst the pantheon of books chronicling the celestial saga of Krishna across ages, Dr. Malek's compositions stand distinctively apart, offering a refreshing perspective that resonates profoundly with the digital pulse of the younger generation. These verses are not merely poetic renditions; they are like a pilgrimage, navigating through the labyrinth of time to uncover Krishna's omnipresence in our bustling digital epoch. This collection serves as a conduit between the timeless essence of Universal Krishna and the Krishna that toils in the village farm, resonating in the echoes of labor and sweat in the foundry's forge. The poet, in a remarkable revelation, unveils the divine presence entrenched in every sonnet, in every heartbeat of existence. I spared some time from my busy schedule to read some of the poems. Each poem paints a new vista of Krishna, offering a unique perspective that breathes vitality into the divine narrative. Almost in every verse, Krishna stands adorned with high respect and regard, a guiding beacon entwined in every vicissitude of life. "Universal Krishna" "Harvest Moon" and many more within these pages, pulse with a vibrancy that transcends time and space, preserving the sanctity and vitality of the divine in the eternal form of Krishna. Each poem, a vibrant hue in the kaleidoscope of divine artistry, breathes life into a timeless saga, ensuring the continued vivacity of Krishna's divinity. May these verses resonate with readers, ushering them into a realm where divinity thrives in the vivacious colours of modernity, and where the flute's celestial melody echoes eternally. I wish great success to the poet.


(Anandiben Patel)

PRELUDE

In the hallowed pages of "Krishna Out of his Flute," the celestial aura of Krishna glimmers as the North Star in the vast cosmos of my existence. Since the dawn of my consciousness, Krishna has been a lodestar, his divine radiance etching impressions upon the tapestry of my soul. Within these verses, Krishna is not merely a chapter from the annals of history, but a luminary entity encompassing the modern realm. This anthology is a Kaleidoscope reflecting his divine glory across the spectrum of today's myriad complexities and challenges.

Unlike the melodic Bhajans of Meerabai or the soulful verses of Raskhan, my poetry embarks on an odyssey, seeking Krishna amidst the synapses of modernity. Each verse is alchemy, weaving threads of Krishna's cosmic consciousness into the fabric of contemporary life. Here, Krishna is not confined to the hallowed texts or confined within the walls of temples; he walks among the pixels of digital dawn and strides through the rhythms of the technological age, imparting his wisdom upon the contemporary conundrums. This anthology invokes Krishna's essence as the embodiment of timeless wisdom, where each stanza is a brushstroke painting his divine hues upon the canvas of our tumultuous world. It grips the reader to behold Krishna's reflection in the shimmering waters of modernity, to find solace in his eternal resonance amidst the cacophony of existence.

The poems encapsulate a nuanced reimagination of Krishna within contemporary contexts, deftly navigating the labyrinthine corridors of societal complexities and technological advancement. They weave a drapery of Krishna's divine essence, depicting him not just as a celestial entity but as an embodiment of profound love, unending kindness, and

transcendental wisdom. Each verse unravels the multifaceted nature of Krishna, portraying him as an inspiration of enlightenment, a confidant, and a compassionate guide traversing the modern world.

The verses seamlessly juxtapose societal tribulations against Krishna's teachings, illuminating injustices, societal discord, and political turmoil. Through this intricate dance between conflict and resolution, they seek solace and remedies within Krishna's timeless philosophy of empathy and righteousness. Nature's tapestry often serves as a backdrop, employing lush gardens, serene fields, and vibrant landscapes to encapsulate Krishna's interconnectedness with the environment. These natural vignettes beautifully mirror his teachings of harmony, unity, and balance.

Beyond religious boundaries, the poems transcend the confines of faith, presenting Krishna's teachings as a universal compass guiding humanity towards tranquility and understanding. Invocations to Krishna's divine intervention echo through the verses, beseeching his intervention to assuage worldly afflictions and instigate transformative change. Each poem is a unique prism, refracting Krishna's eternal essence through different facets, culminating in a kaleidoscopic panorama of his enduring influence on the human soul.

In my poetic imagination's mystical expanse, a serene morning stroll initiated a celestial journey linked to Krishna's heavenly domain. During this earthly voyage, I encountered two cherubic souls whose faces mirrored the youthful essence of Krishna—an evocative sight that invoked the divine within the morning's tender grasp.

Since my early childhood days, Krishna's presence deeply

embedded itself within the core of my mind and the depths of my heart. In my youth, my father, an exemplar of equestrian skill in our rustic community, gifted me a calendar adorned with the perennially smiling face of young Krishna. He stood, holding an earthen pot, fingers adorned with bits of curd—an entrancing montage that captivated me within Krishna's ineffable divinity. The melodious hymns of Meerabai echoed through the revered halls of my educational institution, entwining with the harmonious verses from school and college prayers, reinforcing Krishna's sovereignty over my consciousness. Since then, every sight and entity has seamlessly interwoven with Krishna's essence, effortlessly integrating into the intricate fabric of my awareness.

Krishna, an inseparable essence, flows ceaselessly within my very core, intricately woven into the fabric of my consciousness. In this ethereal dominion, the confines of ritualistic worship diminish as Krishna pervades the sanctum of my heart and mind. The enchanting strains of Meerabai's Bhajans, resonated by illustrious Qawwals like Tahir Qawwal and Aziz Miyan, delved into the depths of my soul, infusing it with an enduring love for the divine sublime. Their renditions, whether “Tum bin mori kaun Khabar le Govardhan Girdhari” or “Airi maito Prem Diwani,” harmonized as a symphony of Sufi poetry, melding seamlessly with my heart's rhythm—a profound homage to Krishna's celestial grandeur. In the vibrant tapestry of existence, Krishna's allure transcends mere myth and legend. His essence manifests not solely in temples adorned with incense and hymns but also in bustling streets, glistening dew on leaves, and the soft whispers of the wind. Krishna, the eternal lover, philosopher, and friend, dances within the myriad hues of existence, imparting profound lessons through the canvas of life itself.

Each encounter, every echo of Krishna's divine melody, leaves an indelible mark upon my soul. From the enchanting tales of his childhood exploits to the sublime teachings of the Bhagavad Gita, Krishna emerges not as a mere mythical deity but as a guiding light, illuminating the labyrinthine pathways of my spiritual journey.

The celestial love stories of Radha and Krishna, their divine union amidst the fragrant groves of Vrindavan, resonate as timeless allegories of the soul's eternal yearning for divine union. Their love, a paradigm of devotion and transcendence, lingers within my consciousness, urging me to seek the sublime in the ordinary, the divine in the mundane—a perpetual quest for Krishna's divine touch. In the sphere of art and expression, the beauty of Krishna's character serves as an inexhaustible wellspring of inspiration. Artists, poets, and musicians across generations have found solace in depicting Krishna's charm, wisdom, and compassion. Their creations, whether a painter's brushstroke, a poet's verse, or a musician's melody, become offerings at the altar of Krishna, forging an eternal bond between the creator and the divine muse.

Within this anthology, Krishna emerges differently in each poem. Here, the portrayal casts Krishna as a universal entity, not tethered to any single soul. These poems honor Krishna as a figure belonging to all, a timeless embodiment whose love, wisdom, and teachings transcend individual bounds. They celebrate Krishna's universal nature, showcasing his guidance, love, and wisdom as offerings available to everyone, dismantling the notion of personal exclusivity.

In the verses of Meerabai, the hymns of Krishna bloom as an intimate affair, a passionate declaration where she adorns Krishna as her own, as echoed in her soulful renditions like

“मेरे तो गिरधर गोपाल दुसरो न कोई , गिरधारी मने चाकर राखोंजी, और अरी मैं तो प्रेम दीवानी मेरे दर्द न जाने कोई” Her verses exude an unparalleled ardor, painting Krishna as exclusively hers, an intimate love story with the divine figure resonating through her devotion.

While I humbly acknowledge the profound legacy of Meera and Raskhan's poetic marvels, I dare not assert parity between their sublime verses and my humble offerings dedicated to Krishna. Yet, I ardently affirm that my compositions, born from the depths of my profound connection with Krishna, bear the imprint of sincere devotion. Though my poetic endeavors may not soar to the celestial heights of Meera's hymns or the Bhakti poets' revered odes, they earnestly strive to encapsulate a devout essence. My poetic narrative, unlike those of yore, unfolds upon the modern canvas, endeavoring seamlessly to interlace Krishna's divine essence into the panoramas of contemporary world.

In the tranquil prelude of my journey into poetic expression, I seek to articulate the origins of these Krishna-inspired verses. Here, I unveil the evocative tales behind selected poems, each a radiant gem in the crown of divine inspiration. These narratives serve as gentle guides through the labyrinth of my creative musings, illuminating moments that sparked the ember of imagination. Each anecdote is a cherished relic, a testament to the resonance of Krishna's essence within my soul. These verses, born from intimate communion with the transcendental, echo the harmonies of the divine that stirred within, compelling me to capture the ineffable in the lyrical embrace of verse. Yet, within this literary sanctum, I enshroud many verses in the soft gossamer of gentleness, inviting readers to revel in cadence with the celestial symphony woven by the mystique of Krishna. I shall lightly touch upon a few verses from my anthology,

offering a glimpse into their genesis, while the rest, I leave to the eager hearts and minds of the readers.

The genesis of “*Krishna Out of his Flute*” emanates from a quest to unveil Krishna in an unprecedented light, transcending the conventional portrayals by revered poets. This journey commenced from the realization that Krishna, within the contemporary backdrop of scientific and technological advancements, lacked a portrayal that resonated with the modern mind. Hence, the title epitomizes this endeavor to depict Krishna in a manner that encompasses his timeless essence amidst the modern context. The poem “Krishna out of his Flute” itself is a revelation, inviting us to portray Krishna from the confines of the flute’s gentle hold. This journey leads us through mystical landscapes, transcending conventional horizons, where the celestial and earthly realms unite. These verses delve into Krishna’s infinite love, encouraging an exploration and expansion of his boundless presence. This poetic rendition intricately weaves a narrative of unity and adoration, urging us to embrace Krishna’s profound world that transcends the constraints of time and space. As we embark on this profound journey, the poem directs us to discover the essence of Krishna beyond the conventional narratives, resonating with the eternal yearning for spiritual communion.

Krishna Takes a French Leave an enchanting poem, emerges from the poet’s intimate connection with Krishna, exploring the profound impact of Krishna’s brief absence from Vrindavan. The verses narrate the disruption and yearning that ensues when the divine figure of Krishna decides to take leave for a while. In the ethereal realm of Vrindavan, a quaint tale unravels as Krishna, seeking respite, departs momentarily. The Gopis, deeply attached to Krishna, are enveloped in concern as the

silence of his absence pervades the surroundings. His footprints, once softly imprinted on the paths, now leave an echoing void.

The natural elements-peacocks crying and the Yamuna flowing—long for his familiar presence, expressing their longing in soft whispers through rustling leaves. Temples, usually vibrant with swirling incense, now witness a palpable emptiness, awaiting his return while devotees hold offerings in anticipation. Even a slight absence of Krishna disrupts the harmonious fabric of Vrindavan’s economy, leaving it subdued and quiet. Even the simple joys, like children stringing flower petals, lose their essence without the grace of Krishna’s presence.

Yet, despite his brief departure, Krishna’s essence remains deeply embedded in every corner of Vrindavan. In the yearning of Radha’s heart and the echo of his flute within the pastures, his love resonates, illuminating every dream and moment.

Krishna Takes a French Leave intricately weaves a tale of longing and disruption in Vrindavan as the divine figure of Krishna temporarily departs. The poem beautifully illustrates the profound impact of Krishna’s brief absence on the land and its inhabitants, showcasing how his eternal love and essence persist even in moments of leave, permeating every corner of Vrindavan with his divine presence. The poet’s portrayal emphasizes that Krishna’s eternal essence pervades all existence, ensuring the continuous movement and functioning of the world. Even in Krishna’s temporary absence, his essence remains omnipresent, signifying that the world continues to exist and function because of his everlasting essence.

In ‘*Krishna in Tomato Farm*’ Krishna wanders into a rural village where tomato fields stretch far and wide. He observes farmers toiling amidst these vibrant red fields, realizing that

the tomatoes represent more than just produce; they embody the toil, struggles, and resilience of those who cultivate the land. As Krishna's gaze extends to the Agricultural Produce Market, he witnesses the plight of numerous farmers who, despite their hard work, receive minimal returns for their harvest. The poem beautifully captures Krishna's empathy for the farming community, recognizing the blend of love and labor that defines their existence amidst the colorful landscape of their toils.

'Give thy Ears Krishna' mourns the prevalent woes of the contemporary world, calling upon Krishna to intervene and steer humanity towards righteousness. The verses echo the anguish of a nation burdened by violence and injustice, pleading for Krishna's guidance amidst these tumultuous times. The poet implores Krishna to illuminate the path of unity, compassion, and truth, aiming to restore a world veiled by darkness to one illuminated by love and harmony.

'Krishna among Panicles' paints a picturesque scene within a rural setting, where the Bajra fields come alive with an essence akin to Krishna's divine presence. The poet vividly illustrates the dance of the emerald Bajra panicles, reminiscent of Krishna's graceful form amidst the vibrant sea of green. The agricultural landscape mirrors a celestial gathering, where the plants embody the divine, and their rhythmic dance echoing the joyous melodies of Krishna. Every element, from the waving crops to the shepherd girls' rhythmic steps, resonates with Krishna's eternal joy, transforming the earth into a sacred realm where nature and devotion beautifully entwine in a celestial waltz.

In the picturesque farmland depicted in the poem, 'Krishna whispers in scarecrow's ears' stands a sentinel Scarecrow,

traditionally tasked with safeguarding the crops against avian intrusion. Amidst the vibrant fields, birds often perceived as adversaries, gracefully assemble, drawn by nature's abundance. However, in a remarkable twist orchestrated by Krishna's compassionate guidance, the Scarecrow undergoes a transformation. Rather than wielding fear to drive the birds away, it embraces a more liberal stance. With Krishna's whispered counsel echoing in its ears, the Scarecrow becomes a harbinger of benevolence, inviting the birds to peacefully share in nature's bounty. This poignant shift from deterrence to generosity embodies a profound understanding and kindness within the vibes of life, where Krishna's wisdom redefines the relationship between man, scarecrow, and nature's guests.

'Moon Harvesting,' set in rustic environs, mirrors the celestial ballet amidst village scenery, resonating with Krishna's serene presence. Yet, even in the realm of technology and scientific marvels, Krishna remains the nucleus. *'Krishna Chatterati'* and *'Krishna on Digitalis'* elegantly intertwine technology and science with the divine essence of Krishna, illuminating the convergence of ancient wisdom and modernity's innovations within the lyrical fabric of these poems.

'Krishna in Chatterati' is a vibrant drapery woven in the modern setting of intellectual discussions among students. It paints a vivid picture of young minds engaged in various fields of study, all finding a way to include Krishna in their conversations. The background story underscores the essence of Krishna permeating every aspect of human knowledge, from science to psychology, literature to management. Amidst these discussions, a child's innocent assertion encapsulates the poem's core, expressing that Krishna belongs to everyone, uniting diverse thoughts and hearts in his boundless grace.

In the poem “*Children Play-Krishna-Krishna*” the setting is the world of childhood play, where two groups of children engage in a game where they chant Krishna’s name. Each group aims to distinguish itself using divine names but eventually, they settle on playing as Krishna.

Their playful interactions and the games they engage in continue with laughter and joy until one group claims victory. However, amidst this innocent play, the children share profound wisdom: they express that Krishna, the divine essence they invoke, transcends the concepts of victory and defeat. They highlight how Krishna remains unaffected by worldly notions of winning or losing.

This insightful revelation within their play signifies that while human life is entangled in the dramas of triumph and loss, Krishna’s presence offers solace and wisdom beyond these earthly dichotomies. The poem encapsulates the idea that Krishna’s wisdom and love serve as a guiding light, offering refuge and understanding irrespective of life’s circumstances.

In the stirring exchange of questions and wisdom in “Krishna’s Interview,” the journalists present the prevalent chaos and injustices in the world to Krishna, seeking his guidance and insight. As they pose questions about the rising suffering, the lack of justice, and the darkness that shrouds society, Krishna responds with profound words steeped in empathy, unity, and righteousness.

Amidst the turmoil and cries for justice, Krishna advocates for unwavering compassion and unity. He emphasizes that love and compassion should transcend boundaries and beliefs, fostering unity among hearts. His words echo the need for empathy to guide the pursuit of justice, ensuring swift

consequences for the guilty while upholding the sanctity of fairness and truth.

Throughout the interview, Krishna’s wisdom acts as a guiding beacon, offering solace and hope in troubled times. He reminds everyone that the solutions to the world’s challenges lie within each individual’s heart. His message resonates with a call for unity, love, and an unwavering commitment to truth, fostering a world where peace and justice stand as eternal pillars.

As you venture through this poetic odyssey, every verse beckons you to feel the vibrant echoes of Krishna’s presence. With each reading, anticipate a renewed encounter with Krishna’s essence in every line. As you turn the pages, you will discover the pulsating vibrations of Krishna infused within each poem, inviting you to delve deeper into the timeless realm of divinity. From rustic agrarian landscapes to the bustling corridors of modernity, Krishna’s essence transcends boundaries. This journey may envelop you in the everlasting freshness and omnipresent vibrations of Krishna. Each turn of the page enriches your experience, allowing you to reveal the omnipresence of Krishna, making this poetic voyage an everlasting discovery. As you embark on this poetic journey and immerse yourself in the vibrant tapestry of Krishna’s essence woven into each verse, you will feel vibes of the divine essence.

December 11, 2023

Dr. Intaj Malek

About the Book :

Enshrined within the pages of '*Krishna out of his Flute*' lies a sumptuous collection of poetic verses, exquisite odes resonating with the celestial aura of Krishna in its multifaceted splendor. This anthology transcends the conventional boundaries, unfurling an ornate mosaic adorned with Krishna's divine essence-each verse a portrait capturing the divine playfulness and magnanimity of the revered deity. From the ethereal confinement within a photo frame to the vibrant canvases of modernity's digital realm, these verses intricately weave Krishna's omnipresence, transcending the conventional hymns to embroider an axminster that breathes life into the celestial figure.

A departure from conventional poetry, the tomes poignantly paints Krishna not merely as a distant deity but as a vibrant, living entity. Here, Krishna steps forth from his mystical flute to merge intimately with his creation, offering solace and guidance amidst the melodies and maladies of modernity. As these verses traverse the realms of human afflictions, they beseech the divine for intervention, infusing the youth with renewed vigor and a revitalized essence of Krishna's timeless divinity-an elixir breathing new life into ancient lore and resonating deeply within the hearts of seekers and dreamers alike.

About the Author:

Dr. Intaj Malek, a distinguished scholar, has embarked on an illustrious academic journey spanning Commerce, Law, English Literature, and Philosophy, culminating in the attainment of two doctorates in Literature and Philosophy. At Gujarat University, he served as an Honorary Guide in Philosophy, nurturing young intellects and introducing innovative short-term courses. Dr. Malek is a versatile writer, translator, and editor, making significant

contributions to poetry, plays, books on Upanishads, Islamic Mysticism, as well as translated Poetry and Drama, and Philosophy.

Currently, Dr. Malek holds the esteemed position of Honorary Director at the School of Philosophy and Theology, L J University, Ahmedabad, where he guides Ph.D. students in their research pursuits.

Divine Publications takes great pride in presenting Dr. Malek's third book, following his acclaimed works, "Invisible Friends and other Plays" (Plays in translation) and "Harmonious Fusion" (Poetry). His profound contributions continue to enrich literary realms. Dr. Malek can be reached via email at intaj@poetic.com.

BEYOND THE FLUTE

In cosmic melodies, Krishna's tale unfurls,
 Out of his flute, divine essence whirls.
 With every note, celestial realms resound,
 A symphony of grace in rhythms unbound.

When Krishna is out of his flute's hold,
 A sacred dance, emerges in cosmic fold.
 He's the morning sun in its golden flight,
 Painting the sky in hues of celestial light.

In the rustling leaves of an ancient tree,
 Whispers his laughter, spiritual and free.
 He's the river's flow, a melodious stream,
 Merging with nature, in a tranquil dream.

With the chirping birds in the early morn,
 A symphony weaves, where Krishna's born.
 In the farmer's toil, in the plowed field's scent,
 Krishna's presence, shines in every moment.

He's the gentle breeze in the rustling corn,
 A lullaby at twilight, a celestial adorn.
 In the cosmic dance of stars at night,
 He twinkles in each star, as a radiant light.

From the newborn's cry to the elder's peace,
In every heartbeat, Krishna finds release.
His essence resonates, in life's every breath,
An eternal melody, defying mortal death.

For when Krishna's out of his flute's embrace,
He's in each moment, and in every space.
A cosmic union, forever entwined,
With each soul, his presence defined.

2

KRISHNA'S FLUTE

From Krishna's flute, a melody does blow,
A wondrous tune, where mystic rivers flow,
He plays the notes, each one a work of art,
A song of love that touches every heart.

In Vrindavan, where flowers bloom in grace,
Krishna stands, with a smile upon his face,
His eyes like lotus petals, deep and serene,
His pious lips plays the flute, a melody unseen.

The peacocks dance, the cows begin to sway,
As Krishna's music fills the break of day,
The Gopis gather 'round, their hearts entwined,
In Krishna's heavenly music, a love they find.

The Yamuna River, crystal clear and pure,
Reflects the heavens, where Krishna's songs endure,
He dances on the water, a sight so divine,
In Krishna's presence, all worries resign.

He lifts the Govardhan Hill, with strength so grand,
A protector of his people, in the sacred land,
The cows and calves, his cherished friends,
In Krishna's love, all strife amends.

Radha, his beloved, a love story divine,
In Krishna's arms, their souls entwined,
The Gopis' devotion, a love so pure,
In Krishna's embrace, their hearts secure.

As a divine charioteer, in the battlefield he stands,
Guiding Arjuna's heart, with loving hands,
The Bhagavad Gita, his wisdom profound,
In Krishna's teachings, truth is found.

From childhood's playful days to wisdom's embrace,
Krishna's life journey, a sacred trace,
In devotees' hearts, his love does reside,
In Krishna's eternal presence, we all confide.

In temples and homes, his idols we adore,
In the verses of poets, his tales we explore,
Krishna, the beloved, in our hearts we keep,
In his love, in his grace, our souls dive deep.

So, let us celebrate Krishna, wondrous and true,
In his name, in his love, our spirits renew,
From Yamuna's bank to the heavens above,
In Krishna's eternal cuddle, we find endless love.

3

KRISHNA WITH MY JOGGING RIDE

In the morning's tender light, I took my stride,
Embarking on a journey, with a heart open wide.
From home, I ventured forth, a new path to trod,
To nearby jogging park, where my spirits soared.

A novice in this realm, exercise, my distant friend,
But friends had their say, urging me to ascend.
So, I rose with the sun, as the dawn was adorning,
For my very first jog, on this radiant morning.

Along the path, I glimpsed two children so small,
Barefoot and playful, holding sticks, standing tall.
Curious, I approached, asked, "Where do you roam?"
In their innocent eyes, I found a welcoming home.

They joined my journey, these kids of pure grace,
As we entered the park, a serene, magical place.
A swing, so inviting, stood waiting nearby,
Their eyes sparkled, as they reached for the sky.

Jogging plans faded, forgotten for a while,
As their laughter and joy made my heart beguile.
I cradled them gently, like young Krishna divine,
Two little Krishnas, in my life, they did shine.

Together we swayed, in that moment, so sweet,
Their presence a blessing, a gift hard to beat.
In the company of innocence, I found my way,
On that marvellous morning, a joyful display.

KRISHNA SEEN FROM WINDOW

In a world of stillness, a moment so divine,
I glimpsed a young Krishna, a sight so fine.
From my window to his, our gazes did meet,
A playful exchange, a connection so sweet.

His mischief, a twinkle, his smile, a delight,
A tiny Krishna, bathed in heavenly light.
Enticing me closer, to partake in his game,
From the confines of frames, his spirit did aim.

With eager hands reaching, as if to take flight,
From the photo frame to the realm of daylight.
An aura of innocence, on his face did adorn,
With a silver crescent, like a new moon reborn.

“Krishna,” I called, with affectionate grace,
As he danced in window, the heavenly space.
A playful child, in this enchanting embrace,
In that moment of magic, in that sacred place.

In that fleeting encounter, our souls intertwined,
A connection with Krishna, forever enshrined.
For in the stillness of that glowing frame,
His mystical spirit, emerged smiling the same.

KRISHNA’S ESSENCE

In the chambers of my heart, Krishna resides,
A presence divine, where love and grace collide,
In the corridors of my mind, his wisdom finds home,
A sacred sanctuary where his teachings freely roam.

In my eyes, he’s the vision of truth, so clear,
Guiding my sight, dispelling every fear,
A child in a mother’s lap, pure love displayed,
Krishna throbs in my heart, that moment conveyed.

Krishna, a melody of love, pure and sweet,
In his essence, the rivers of affection meet,
Not the Krishna of epic battles or holy verse,
But the Krishna of common man, in Universe.

In everything I do, in every thought that’s kind,
Krishna’s presence, like a gentle breeze, I find,
My Krishna is humanity, philanthropy’s glowing light,
Not just the divine idol, but the spirit, burning bright.

He’s the love in a mother’s lullaby’s embrace,
The kindness in a stranger’s compassionate face,
My Krishna is the essence of love’s endless art,
A cynosure of hope, forever shining in my heart.

KRISHNA IN THE FIELD

In village fields, where Krishna's tales did dwell,
A timeless saga of love and life, I am here to tell,
Amidst lush landscapes where rivers gently glide,
Krishna's presence mingles with the countryside.

In fields of mustard, where the golden sun extends,
Krishna's laughter echoes as the daylight blends,
With blossoms swaying in a joyous, golden tide,
His divinity dances with nature, side by side.

Beneath the azure skies, where fertile lands extend,
Krishna's spirit lingers as the seasons gently mend,
Fields of millet and wheat, in patterns so precise,
In every furrowed row, they find his sage's advice.

Yet it's in hearty Bajra, standing tall and proud,
Krishna's presence shines, like a shimmering cloud,
The swaying shafts, like his grace, bend and sway,
In their strength and resilience, they seem to say.

Amidst rural life, where dreams and hopes unite,
Krishna's wisdom and love bring the purest light,
As villagers toil in fields under the golden sun,
They feel his grace in every task they've begun.

For in heart of villages where agriculture thrives,
Krishna's essence in every crop, joyfully revives,
A narrative of love and life, forever intertwined,
With Krishna in the fields, our spirits are aligned.

MY KRISHNA

In the tale of life, a bond so true,
My Pritudo, in every shade and hue,
A student, turned son, our fates aligned,
In the corridors of time, our hearts entwined.

On a study tour to ports of grandeur,
Luxury buses, students full of fervor,
He, with his friends, in joyous display,
Singing songs, making memories all the way.

With hard work and dedication, he soared,
Exams conquered, a gold medal he adored,
Yet, in public, shy and trembling at heart,
I stood by his side, a new journey to start.

On convocation day, before the crowd's view,
I handed him a mic, a challenge to pursue,
Fumbling words, his feet shaking and weak,
But from that moment on, he started to speak.

Together we ventured, side by side,
Teaching and learning, on this selfless ride,
Days turned into years, our bond did grow,
In his eyes, I saw a radiant glow.

Different by faiths, but our hearts in sync,
My name on a wedding card made all think,
He chose to honor our bond so pure,
In a world of love, we'd always endure.

When I met with accident, painful groans filled the air,
Yearning for relief from the burden I did bear,
His wife, with utmost care, whispered a plea so sincere,
“Just in a day, will recover,” was her wish, crystal clear.

In her prayers, in her words so bright,
A glimmer of hope in the darkest night,
She prayed for healing, a swifter way,
“Just in a day,” her heart fervently say.

His daughter calls me “Bapuji” with pure glee,
A testament to the love that binds us three,
In Pritudo, I see a small Krishna, so bright,
Always smiling, spreading love’s sweet light.

For sixteen years, jointly on this path we trod,
“My Pritudo Nakamo,” I tease, with a bond so odd,
“Na, Kamno” was his ever smiling reply,
Our laughter like a melody, reaches the sky.

In Pritudo, I see a little Krishna, so bright,
Always smiling, spreading love’s sweet light,
He’s my Kanhudo, my Pritudo always dear,
In joyous journey, we hold everything so dear.

8

KRISHNA IN OLDEN DAYS

Oh Krishna, in days of old, monarchies did unfold,
Yet they didn’t force one hue on citizens, we’re told.
In diverse regions, your forms they did adore,
In the west, east, south, and north, you they implore.

Unity in your message, pure with love and grace,
As Arjuna’s charioteer, you did embrace.
No instigation to fight, but peace you’d share,
Shaktas, Kapalikas, all found solace in your care.

Supreme reality, in myriad forms it gleams,
No compulsion then, in those ancient dreams.
But now, in the People’s Republic, it seems,
Forcing one path, against the flowing streams.

Is this not against your many facets, divine?
Oh Krishna, with your smiling face, align.
Unite us all, in harmony’s golden twine,
In the name of love and humanness, let us shine.

KRISHNA OF MANY HUES

On the road to Omkareshwar, I pondered the sight,
A statue of Oneness, carved in pure orange light,
But Krishna, the divine, is in colors so varied,
In oneness, his essence, he always carried.

Oh, Supreme Authority, is your choice so clear,
To paint the world in orange, keeping Krishna so near,
For Adi Shankara's wisdom, non-dualism's grace,
In unity with the Supreme, he found his sacred space.

The ochre-clad Sadhus, all they understand,
The depth of Shankara, the truth so grand,
“सर्वम् खलविदम् ब्रह्म” he proclaimed with might,
Brahma in everything, in darkness and in light.

But sometimes, it goes awry, and one hue it sings,
To marigolds it clings, but ignores what beauty brings,
Roses, pomegranates, lilies, and myrtles so fair,
Jasmine's fragrant breath, it fails to equally share.

Green, the color of life, they've cast it aside,
Yet it's the essence of all, where existence does abide,
In this scene, oh Krishna, teach the ochre-clad,
To spread aroma of all flowers, make hearts glad.

Your teachings, dear Krishna, transcend the single hue,
Acharya Shankara, too, sought your wisdom true,
Let your song be free, like a boundless river's flow,
In melodies of love and oneness, let all colors glow.

KRISHNA KRISHNA EVERYWHERE

Krishna, Krishna, in every sphere,
I discern your essence, so vivid and clear,
As a child, you frolic in the street's array,
In a masonry labourer's toil, you find your way.

In the masonry labourer's rugged hand,
As bricks take flight, in the earthly land,
I glimpse your strength, your guiding grace,
As structures rise, you find your place.

Beneath a cradle's canopy, a baby's cry,
Resonates your presence, drawing nigh,
With Radha by your side, a cart you steer,
On bustling market roads, you persevere.

In the shade of trees, an old man rests,
Fatigue and wisdom filled in his chest,
In the sweat of toil, and humble meal's delight,
You shine un-sermonized, and unerring light.

In the couple's toil, their hands entwine,
They share a meal, simple and divine,
I see the real Krishna in their care,
No chariot, no flute, love's presence is there.

In every scene, in life's diverse route,
Krishna's presence is vivid and absolute,
A tapestry of moments, colours so bright,
In canvas of existence is his eternal light.

JAGU'S DIVINE KRISHNA

Amidst the gentle breeze's playful dance,
 Jagu whispers, "Krishna, Krishna," in a trance,
 But within me, his Krishna resides, you see,
 In a world of wonder and boundless glee.

I am his Krishna, in every sunrise and fall,
 In the echoing laughter, in love's tender call,
 As the sun paints the sky in shades of gold,
 I am his Krishna in the tales yet not told.

In the rustling leaves and the songs of birds,
 In laughter of children, in heart's sweet words,
 I am his Krishna guiding his every stride,
 In the tapestry of life, woven side by side.

When the moonlight bathes the world at night,
 I am the Krishna, kindling his gloomy night,
 In dreams and wishes, in hopes anew,
 In each star that sparkles in night's hue.

Krishna, Krishna, is his devotion's flame,
 In the heart's deepest chambers, I am the same,
 I am his Krishna, in all that he portrays,
 In every moment of our shared, vibrant days.

So as Jagu chants and his devotion unfurls,
 Within me, he finds the sacred pearls,
 In this world of love, compassion, and play,
 I am his Krishna, lighting up his way.

He glorifies Krishna, selfless and true,
 In every word, and in every hue.
 His Krishna is love, pure and grand,
 In every heart and in every hand.

KRISHNA ON DIGITALIS

In the digital age, where screens brightly gleam,
A modern Krishna emerges in the tech-savvy scene,
No more butter-thieving, but coding with might,
In a virtual world, he orchestrates flights.

With a smartphone in hand, he guides the way,
Through the complexities of life, come what may,
Not on a flute's tune, but through WhatsApp's ping,
He imparts wisdom in the messages he'll bring.

No more Gopis in the fields, but followers online,
In the realm of social media, his presence does shine,
He preaches not in temples, but in webinars and streams,
Bringing spirituality to screens in futuristic dreams.

The digital Krishna, a guide in the cyberspace,
Teaching us virtue, compassion, and grace,
In this modern era, his message transcends,
Uniting hearts and minds, as technology blends.

He's not just in history, but in pixels and code,
A modern Krishna, in the digital abode,
With love and wisdom, he shows the way,
In the modern world, where screens hold sway.

KRISHNA RETURNS IN DREAMS

One day, Krishna shall visit in devotees' dreams,
And to the pontiffs, reveal profound streams,
He'll teach a true message for all humankind,
In dreams, his wisdom, hearts shall find.

In celestial dreams, Krishna shall appear,
To wipe away divisions, make intentions clear,
In the still of night, his voice shall ring,
With teachings of love, like an angel's wing.

No more VIP queues, no money, no gold,
In dreams, his message, a story to be told,
Feed the hungry, care for those in need,
In Krishna's dream, unity shall take the lead.

He'll remind the world, women too have a place,
With equality, humanity's tender grace,
In Krishna's dream, his love will flow,
Uniting hearts as one, in its gentle glow.

One day, in dreams, Krishna's voice will hum,
A message of peace, like a beating drum,
In the slumber's realm, his truth shall shine,
Guiding us all, to a love so divine.

A PLEA TO KRISHNA

Oh Krishna, from your heavenly abode so high,
Listen to the cries of those who wonder why,
We know you're not just in grand temples' sight,
But everywhere, in the day and in the night.

Do you hear the pleas of those in despair?
Or do VIP queues for your Darshan seem unfair?
What's the secret in these lines they find,
While you, O Krishna, in simplicity enshrined?

You don't need money, silver, or gold,
Yet offerings are made, stories untold,
In dreams, make them understand, I implore,
It's the needy and the poor you truly adore.

Has your pure message been led astray?
By those who seek power in your name today?
Why chant your Mantra but act with division?
Teach them, Krishna, in dreams, your true vision.

Have you become a deity for the elite?
I hope not, for that wouldn't be right,
In temples, they keep women at bay,
Yet sing of Radha in devotion's display.

Why glorify *Nara* without *Narayani's* grace?
When it's known together, they embrace,
Whisper in their hearts, make it plain,
Without women, there's no life's sweet refrain.

Hear this plea, O Krishna, from a heart so sincere,
Spread your message of love, let it be clear,
In every temple, and in every devotee's dream,
Let compassion and equality be the theme.

KRISHNA: BRIDGING DIVIDES

If Krishna's teachings become common lore,
 The mischief-makers shall make fuss no more,
 Let us erase all divisions and unite as one,
 In the era of love, under the same shining sun.

No more shall strife between humans persist,
 As hearts of all will harmoniously coexist,
 Sheikh and Shah, together they'll stand,
 In the era of peace, hand in hand.

Krishna's wisdom, a guiding light to share,
 In every heart, compassion's tender glare,
 With unity as our creed, love as our claim,
 Together we'll rise, extinguishing blame.

Let Krishna's teachings, like a soothing rain,
 Extinguish fires of odium, the cycle of pain,
 In this transformed world, we'll all proclaim,
 One family, one love, with no one to blame.

KRISHNA ACROSS THE AGES

In Satya Yuga's time, young Krishna played,
 In cowherd's homes, where butter oft' was laid,
 He sneaked and laughed, as curd and butter he'd eat,
 His half-clad charm, oh, what a wondrous feat!

With eyes that sparkled like the starry skies,
 He danced with Gopis, pure love in their eyes,
 In rustic fields, under the moon's soft glow,
 That Krishna's charm, in our hearts, did grow.

But now, in this age of AI and light,
 A different Krishna, in mansions, takes flight,
 He orders meals online, with a digital command,
 Yet in his presence, our hearts understand.

No longer half-clad, but adorned in silk,
 His wisdom shines through, as smooth as milk,
 In virtual realms, he guides the way,
 Balancing tradition with the modern's sway.

His grace transcends eras, a timeless hue,
 In olden days or today, Krishna, we pursue,
 With the innocence of a child's laughter,
 Or the touch of a screen, our hearts beat faster.

The Krishna of Satya Yuga, in pastoral delight,
The Krishna of AI Yuga, in the digital night,
Both allure with beauty, in their unique way,
Teaching us love, in every era's display.

In tales of old and technology's bright gleam,
Krishna's presence is felt, like a radiant dream,
In this ever-changing world, both old and new,
Krishna's love remains, eternally true.

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KRISHNA IN CYBER SPACE

In the age of screens and digital grace,
Emerges Krishna, in a modern space,
Not with a flute but a smartphone's glow,
Guiding us through life, as we ebb and flow.

Modern Krishna, see in virtual attire,
A beacon of wisdom, always to inspire,
In bytes and pixels, view a cosmic dance,
He leads us forward, with gracious advance.

Not in Vrindavan's fields, but in cyberspace,
He shares divine love, in every case,
His teachings echoed through data streams,
Awakening hearts from digital dreams.

With tweets of compassion, and status updates,
Modern Krishna guides, and surely elevates,
In this digital age, his message is crystal clear,
Love, unity, and truth, to hold us all so dear.

No cowherd's flute, but algorithms play,
A melody of hope, in the modern day,
Modern Krishna, in the web's embrace,
Guiding us toward love, in this virtual space.

KRISHNA IN THE FOUNDRY'S FORGE

I'll sing of Krishna, not as the cosmic star,
Narsimha's praise has traveled near and far,
But Krishna's glory, as a foundry hand,
In toil and sweat, where he takes his stand.

Within the forge, where the iron rods gleam,
No time for mischief or a neighbor's dream,
This Krishna works, his efforts so strong,
No Yashoda's care, no lullaby and song.

Meals delayed, scarcely a moment to dine,
No playful pranks in this life's design,
Yet Krishna's sweat, in the foundry's heat,
Carries a story, both bitter and sweet.

With every swing of the hammer's might,
Krishna shapes metal, in the fiery light,
The foundry's son, in the heat's embrace,
Crafts a world of strength, in that sacred space.

And though his days are devoid of ease,
His labour's rhythm a silent masterpiece,
This foundry Krishna, in his humble role,
Teaches lessons to all, of heart and soul.

WHEAT MOON'S DANCE

Beneath the moon's soft, gentle light we see,
In fields of wheat, a wondrous sight to be,
Like Krishna, men adorned in robes so white,
With turbans bound, they dance into the night.

Beside them stand the labour girls, our pride,
Gopis in the moon's tender glow, side by side,
With sickles sharp and sheaves of wheat they sway,
In harmony, they toil until break of day.

No pots upon their frames, a change in style,
No Meera's songs escape, yet all the while,
Krishna's spirit in their every stride,
They toil as one, with hearts open wide.

These Krishnas, day by day, their labour's song,
In fields where earnings from their toil are strong,
They sow, they reap, their work beyond compare,
Providing sustenance, a gift so rare.

Bajra and onions, humble is their fare,
Yet, wheat for us they labour and prepare,
From bread to pizza, see their toil so free,
These Krishnas gift the harvest, you and me.

In fields, the Gopis, not with pots to bind,
But strength and grace, in every step they find,
With sarees tied, they toil through sweat and heat,
Their spirit shines in fields of golden wheat.

The Krishna we revere, his words so wise,
But in these Krishnas, actions truly rise,
Let's honor them, for toils they gladly bring,
The Practicing Krishnas, our hearts do sing.

Their labour sows our daily bread's embrace,
With each harvest, they fill our table's space,
In the moon's tender light, they play their part,
These Krishnas of the field, a love-filled heart.

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KRISHNAS OF THE FIELDS

Beneath the full moon's gentle light,
In fields of wheat, a wondrous sight,
Men, like Krishna, dressed in white,
With turbans tied, they dance so bright.

Beside them stand, labour girls in rows,
As Gopis in the moon's soft rays glow,
With sickles and wheat, their hands do sway,
In harmony, they sweat and toil away.

No earthen pots are seen upon their frame,
No Meera's songs heard but hearts aflame,
Yet, Krishna's spirit is seen in their stride,
They labour hard, toil and sweat side by side.

These Krishnas, toiling day by day,
In fields where they earn their pay,
They sow and reap, their work is clear,
Giving us food we hold so dear.

But Bajra and onion, their humble fare,
While wheat for us they toil and bear,
From bread to pizza, it's their sweat we see,
These Krishnas gift their harvest with glee.

Gopis the farm girls, embracing the field,
No pots on their waists, but strength revealed,
With sarees tied around their tiny waist,
In slog and sweat, they keep their pace.

The Krishna we worship, words he may teach,
And these Krishnas in fields, their actions preach,
Let's honor them for the toils they bring,
For practicing Krishnas, our hearts do sing.

In their labour, they sow our daily bread,
With each harvest, our tables are spread,
In the moon's embrace, they play their part,
These Krishnas of the field, with love in heart

21

A POET'S DIRGE

In the celestial hush, where divine silence resonates,
Gods and goddesses, their wings spread in quiet states,
I peer through the mist of anger, dismay's embrace,
As harmony, once radiant, now veils its grace.

Once, cows meandered, grazing in twilight's gleam,
In verdant meadows, their tranquil realm supreme,
Yet, sorrow swells to witness those days embossed,
Divine quietude, now at a tremendous cost.

In Deva's domain, where calmness takes its stand,
Below, our world grapples, facing trials unplanned,
Krishna, your smile adorns frames and every shrine,
Amid uncertainty, leaves me to muse and divine.

Do your blessings linger for a chosen few,
Or will grace descend on all, both old and new?
Such poignant reveries in this divine refrain,
In a world where love and hope should ever reign.

Oh, gracious Krishna, amidst celestial allure,
Let your grace and solace, our lamentation cure,
Grant serenity to realms in turmoil's painful strain,
Rekindle love and hope where darkness seeks to reign.

THE ENIGMA OF DIVINE QUIETUDE

It pains me, this divine silence profound,
 Gods and goddesses, in quiet, are bound,
 I look back in anger, with a sense of awe,
 When harmony thrived, in days we saw.

Cows grazed in meadows, at twilight they'd rest,
 A world so serene, where hearts were blessed,
 But now, it pains me, as time takes its toll,
 Divine silence reigns, in every soul.

In the land of devas, now silence persists,
 Amidst worldly maladies, it now coexists,
 Krishna, your smile from the frame and shrine,
 Leaves me wondering, is the world not thine?

Have you reserved blessings for the elite few?
 Or is there hope for the world, both old and new?
 It pains me, Krishna, pains the silence divine,
 In a world that was once yours and mine.

DIVINE SILENCE

Krishna, you danced with Gopis in guileless glee,
 Stole butter from homes, always carefree,
 You played pranks and broke pots with delight,
 But Krishna, why does silence shroud our night?

People are killed, and your voice is still,
 Has your blissful blessing lost its skill?
 Have you turned face from this sacred land?
 Where once you danced with glee hand in hand.

Has your benevolence ceased, oh Lord so kind?
 Would you clothe the daughters, as Draupadi, bind?
 In this very land, where your wonders did grace,
 Now girls are stripped, in a sorrowful chase.

Have you veiled your visage, or closed your eyes?
 Aren't these your daughters under sorrowful skies?
 Was your mercy reserved for just a chosen few,
 Or shall it embrace all, as your love should do?

Krishna, in this land, let compassion rise high,
 Wipe away tears, let no more innocents cry,
 In your motherland, let love be unfurled,
 For every daughter, in this troubled world.

KRISHNA ON DIGITAL ARENA

In the pixelated dawn of the modern age,
Krishna strides through the digital stage.
His flute's notes, now coded in symphonies,
Echo through the circuits, zeros, and cronies.

Gopis adorned in corporate attire,
Their longing hearts fueled by Wi-Fi fire.
He dances not on the banks of Yamuna,
But in the data streams, a cosmic lacuna.

The city lights reflect in his peacock feather,
A deity of circuits, connecting souls together.
In boardrooms, not pastures, the Gopis reside,
Striving for success, with Krishna as their guide.

He's the tech-savvy sage of algorithms divine,
Scripting verses in a binary design.
Nature's call not ignored in urban sprawl,
Krishna, a green activist, answering the call.

Amidst skyscrapers, his cosmic dance unfolds,
DJ of souls, melodies in circuits enfold.
In a concrete jungle, his flute's sweet hum,
Echoes through realms, a digital kingdom.

So, in this modern Krishna's cosmic play,
The timeless leela finds a digital display.

KRISHNA DESCENDING A STAIRCASE

Today, a child descended, a sight to behold,
From my tenement's heights, a story to be told,
Charming, beautiful, handsome, he appeared,
I couldn't resist; his cheeks, I gently steered.

Step by step, he descended, like a joyous flight,
Each rung of the ladder welcomed his foot with delight,
Dancing with joy, as he moved down with grace,
A child, he seemed, with an enchanting face.

He was Krishna, I thought, with his flute in hand,
Singing Divine song, like a breeze on the sand,
A small child descending, so gracefully,
His rhythmic dance held my heart, blissfully.

How different must have been the Krishna of old,
When this child's grace and beauty unfold,
Innocence and charm, in his every glance,
A timeless enchantment, in this youthful dance.

KRISHNA LIVES IN ME

In the chambers of my heart, Krishna resides,
A presence divine, where love and grace collide,
In the corridors of my mind, his wisdom finds its home,
A sacred sanctuary where his teachings freely roam.

In my eyes, he's the vision of truth, so clear,
Guiding my sight, dispelling every fear,
A child in a mother's lap, pure love displayed,
Krishna's heartbeat in my heart, that moment conveyed.

Krishna, a melody of love, pure and sweet,
In his essence, the rivers of affection meet,
Not the Krishna of epic battles or holy verse,
But the Krishna of common man, in every universe.

In everything I do, in every thought that's kind,
Krishna's presence, like a gentle breeze, I find,
My Krishna is humanity, philanthropy's glowing light,
Not just the divine idol, but the spirit, burning bright.

He's the love in a mother's lullaby that embrace,
The kindness in a stranger's compassionate face,
My Krishna is the essence of love's endless art,
A beacon of hope, forever in my heart.

A SONG OF KRISHNA

Let me sing of Krishna, not in tales of days old,
But of the slums, where hearts are pure and bold,
In the laughter of kids from humble kin,
Krishna's joyous spirit dwells deep within.

Not for gifts or returns, but a song from within,
His presence, a dance, where all journeys begin,
Spontaneous, like every grain of sand and sea,
Krishna's light, in every atom, as we all see.

Not the Krishna of legends in distant lands,
But the divine light, in every heart, it stands,
In orphan's eyes, street child's hopeful gleam,
Krishna's presence, in every life's dream.

In the songs of birds and nature's dance,
Krishna's melody is a universal romance,
A song of hope, in every note and rhyme,
His essence, transcends space and time.

With guileless smiles, he'll unite us all,
Enlightening hearts, like a gentle call,
Krishna, the love, the light, the endless song,
In every soul, where we all divinely belong.

LOVING KRISHNA SANS REASONS

I love Krishna, not for doctrine's embrace,
Nor for myth or battle's fervent chase,
Not for Geeta's wisdom or cosmic grace,
But for the love that lights his smiling face.

His eyes, perhaps by human hand designed,
Yet filled with love, they're eternally kind,
Krishna's childlike visage, pure and bright,
In his joyous dance, my heart takes flight.

Among the Gopis, he frolics and plays,
In those tender moments, my love sways,
Not bound by devotion, or rituals' call,
I love Krishna freely, the source of all.

Without need to be Meera or devotee true,
In my heart, Krishna's love ever grew,
For he's the universe, the essence divine,
In his smile, his presence, our souls entwine.

He is life, he is love, in every way,
In Krishna's embrace, my spirit finds its stay,
No reason required, no dogma to bind,
I love Krishna simply, in heart and in mind.

NIGHT'S COSMIC RIDE

In the tranquil night so cool and calm,
Beneath a sky adorned with starry charm,
Upon my terrace, I lay in slumber's keep,
When a whimsical fancy roused from deep.

A winged horse, divine, swift and bright,
Came galloping through the obsidian night,
It beckoned me to its saddle with grace,
To soar the skies, in its celestial embrace.

I mounted the steed, with reins in hand,
Together we rose, to a wondrous land,
Higher and higher, through the somber night,
In the darkness, we gleamed with radiant light.

A horse of purity, stars our only guide,
Onward we journeyed, side by side,
But suddenly, a hand unknown did appear,
With force it pulled me, awakening from here.

A great jerk, and my foot did give a start,
I awoke from celestial dream, my heart depart,
Oh, it was all but a fleeting flight, it seemed,
In the stillness of night, a dream once dreamed.

COME BACK KRISHNA

Oh Krishna, your divine presence we implore,
 Reincarnate once more, our hearts to restore,
 Teach the world your message, pure and true,
 For mankind has strayed, forgotten its due.

Your timeless wisdom, within the Gita's page,
 But they have chosen, their paths to engage,
 They've twisted your teachings, for their gain,
 Oh Krishna, return, free them from this chain.

Business people, from your song, drew their art,
 Management lessons, far from your heart,
 Molding your message, to fit their desire,
 Oh Krishna, come back, let truth reacquire.

Some glorify your smile, your playful youth,
 But neglect those needy, forgotten in truth,
 In orphans and poor kids, you truly reside,
 Oh Krishna, let thy compassion be our guide.

In grand temples, they sing in thy praise,
 But neglect human souls, lost in life's maze,
 You're not confined to marble or gold,
 In every heart, you dwell we're told.

Now, Krishna, it's time, as you once told,
 Reincarnate, let your message unfold,
 Guide us anew, with your divine grace,
 Reveal the path of love on earthly space.

Some distort your words, oh Krishna, it is clear,
 Dharma's meaning, they've mixed with fear,
 We need your guidance, in this modern time,
 To restore your teachings, in rightful prime.

In this era of democracy, we stand free,
 No Kauravas to seize, no battles to see,
 Pour your wisdom into leaders' minds,
 Let love and divinity be the ties that binds.

Oh Krishna, come back, even in our dreams,
 Illuminate the path with heavenly beams,
 Teach us to use your divine song's grace,
 To spread love and unity in every place.

KRISHNA- THE UNIVERSAL

In the heart of universe, lives Krishna divine,
 Love's essence, humanity's radiant sign,
 Harmony's song, a melody so sweet,
 Universal Krishna, in our hearts, you beat.

Your melodious tune, a raga of love,
 Guiding our souls to the heavens above,
 Raskhan, Rahim, Alam, and Nazir's art,
 Sang of your love, the core of every heart.

Now I join the chorus, singing your name,
 Intaj, Pritesh, Swetank, Jagdish, all the same,
 In Nishant, in Dhruv, and in Vidyut's grace,
 The love of divinity, a radiant embrace.

In every human, your love does reside,
 Spreading kindness and love far and wide,
 Let's unite India, a divine land so grand,
 With Krishna's love, forever we stand.

Raskhan, Nazir, Alam, Meera, and Rahim,
 Their verses still echo, a timeless hymn,
 In their footsteps, we follow the way,
 With Krishna's love, together we'll sway.

Universal Krishna, in our hearts you'll shine,
 Love, humanity, and harmony divine,
 In the melody of your eternal song,
 Together, in love, we all belong.

ECHOES OF EARTH

Among nature's tender grasp so grand,
 Where verdant hues and landscapes expand,
 A realm of wonders, vibrant and free,
 A message echoes, for you and me.

Beneath the arching skies so wide,
 Where rivers weave and mountains bide,
 The secrets of the woods and mountains unfold,
 Oh Krishna, weave a tale of unity, yet untold.

Yet, harken well, a plea takes flight,
 A call to guard against the night,
 To shield all life, each species, kind,
 For in their realm, our hearts entwined.

The avian choristers and oceans blue,
 Whales that glide where horizons grew,
 In every living thread, Krishna we find,
 A shared existence with love intertwined.

As humans tread upon this sphere,
 Let unity and kindness steer,
 Cast off the shackles, fears abate,
 Forge ahead towards a peaceful state.

Unite against oppression's reign,
Kindle the torch of love, not pain,
Each culture, face, a vibrant hue,
In unity, strength and hope renew.

Preserve our planet, spirit, and soul,
Compassion's flame must be our goal,
In harmony, our world we'll mend,
Our lives, our planet, forever blend.

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KRISHNA, SAVE THE WORLD

Amidst the embrace of divine grace,
Where sun and stars steadily interlace,
A world of wonders, lush and green,
A beauteous vista of life unseen.

Majestic mountains touch the sky,
Rivers flowing with spirits high,
Forests whisper secrets wise,
Underneath the endless skies.

But in this haven, let us heed,
A plea that springs from every seed,
Call to Krishna, guard with heart and hand,
For all living creatures on this land.

Save the songbirds and their song,
The oceans deep, where whales belong,
In every creature, life does bloom,
A shared existence, a precious loom.

As humans tread on this sacred sphere,
Let unity and kindness steer,
From wars and strife, let's find a way,
To dawn a brighter, peaceful day.

Let's quell the fire of hatred's might,
And extinguish fear with love's pure light,
For every human, heart to heart,
Can build a world where all take part.

Against tyranny and oppression's roar,
Stand united, for truth more and more,
A drapery of cultures, faces diverse,
Let's cherish, protect, and converse.

Save the planet, save the soul,
Let compassion be the goal,
For in harmony, we shall mend,
And safeguard lives till the very end.

34

KRISHNA BEYOND ALL BOUNDS

Krishna, not confined to temple's sacred halls,
Beyond worship's bounds, his presence enthralls,
A pure consciousness, love's eternal string,
He's the very soul within each living being.

He's more than an idol, more than divine,
A philosophy, an idea, in every heart, he'll shine,
Life within a life, a soul within a soul,
In every atom's dance, his presence makes us whole.

No songs of glory, like Meera or Raskhan's praise,
Yet Krishna's wisdom guides our earthly maze,
A practical Krishna, inspiration's gentle chime,
In every moment's challenge, he transcends time.

Not chained to temples, in huts and slums he dwells,
In open skies where boundless ambiance swells,
A Krishna beyond space, beyond time's decree,
Here and hereafter, he's with us, forever free.

So, in the huts and open sky, he finds his place,
Krishna of our souls, with his heavenly grace,
Beyond mere worship, he's our daily guide,
Inspirational Krishna, forever lives by our side.

MODERN DAY KRISHNA

In a world of modern times, Krishna's youth unfurls,
No mythic realm, but a tale for our modern world,
Not tales of magic flutes or celestial powers,
But a child of wonder, in our midst, he towers.

No myths of butter thievery or playful pranks,
Instead, a youth of kindness, who always gives thanks,
With eyes that sparkle with curiosity so bright,
He navigates life's challenges with all his might.

In a world of smartphones and screens so vast,
Krishna's charm endures, a memory meant to last,
No divine plays in forests or battles to wage,
But in acts of compassion, he writes a modern page.

He's the child who cares for nature's fragile grace,
Lends a hand to those in need, with a smiling face,
In the digital age, he's the voice for the voiceless,
A champion of justice, in a world that's often noiseless.

Krishna's childhood in a modern light, we see,
A symbol of love, hope, and unity,
No mythic past, but a message for our time,
In every act of kindness, his spirit does shine.

So let us hug this Krishna of today,
In our hearts, his love and wisdom will stay,
In a modern world, his childhood tale unfolds,
A symbol of love, compassion, as life unrolls

KRISHNA NOT FOR GENTRY ONLY

In the realm of songs, where Krishna's glory soared,
Gopi's, Meera's, and Radha's voices adored,
But the tale I sing today, is a different lore,
Of Krishna with the destitute, forevermore.

In meadows of the poor, where life's toil is profound,
Krishna's presence, in labour's symphony, is found,
Amongst workers, craftsmen, toiling hearts so pure,
He lives in the downtrodden, their strength to assure.

In the calloused hands of the labourer, he's the touch,
In the sweat of the worker, he's the essence, as such,
Krishna's heart beats with the destitute's refrain,
In their struggles and triumphs, he finds his domain.

Not just in opulence or affluence, he's confined,
But in the humblest abode, his love intertwined,
With those who toil, with those who bear the weight,
Krishna's grace shines bright, their burdens to abate.

In the quiet alleys, where poverty finds its place,
Krishna's love is a refuge, a tender embrace,
For in the hearts of the poorest, he lives so pure,
A kindling light of hope, forever us to endure.

So let us sing of Krishna, in these souls so meek,
In the labourer's sweat, in the destitute's cheek,
For Krishna lives with them, in their worries and woes
In their resilience and strength, with all friends and foes.

FROM SLAPS TO HUGS

In a classroom where kids learn and play,
A teacher did something that led us astray,
This faith, that faith in a situation so grim,
But we can find a better way, not on a whim.

The teacher's action, a hurtful suggestion,
Instilling violence, causing a bad impression,
Kids' minds are tender, like clay to be shaped,
But nurturing kindness is how they're to be draped.

Yet one young boy stood out in the crowd,
After school, he showed what's truly proud,
The one boy slapped, a painful start,
But another boy's hug, warmed every heart.

An eye for an eye, a cycle cruel and cold,
Leaves us all blind, and truth often untold,
But the loving boy's hug, spread a lesson so true,
Choosing love over hate, a better avenue.

Rabia's wisdom, a message to hear,
A heart full of love leaves no room for fear,
Why hold onto hate, when love's in our hands?
Let's embrace Krishna's love, across all the lands.

KRISHNA AND SNAKE

In Ashadh's dark embrace, the rain poured down,
With sporadic showers, its rhythm found,
A dance of droplets, dancing in the night,
Brief respite from the dark, a glimpse of light.

Upon the attic's perch, a serpent coiled,
Its hiss resounded, "Drrrr...Drrrr," it toiled,
Another voice, in harmony, replied,
"Drrrr...Drrrr," as if in verse they vied.

The serpent spoke, "Again, the rain will pour,
No darkness now, the clouds shall weep once more,
Drrr...drrr...drrr," its warning in the air,
A prophecy of storms, a whispered dare.

But soon, the monsoon's song shall bid adieu,
The serpent's voice again breaks through the dew,
"Drrr..Drrr...." it said, with knowing tone so deep,
Foretelling of the time when rain would sleep.

In darkness and in light, the serpent's call,
In mystic verses, it reveals the fall,
Of rain and storm, a dance of nature's might,
In Ashadh's darkness, rain rained taking flight.

Yet, in this tale of rain and serpent's song,
A deeper truth, to our hearts, does belong,
For in Krishna's wisdom, in life's ebb and flow,
He guides us through the storms, where love does grow.

So, like the serpent's whisper, Krishna's grace,
Navigates the tempests we must face,
In every season's change, in day and night,
He leads us to the dawn, with love's pure light.

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KRISHNA ENCOUNTERS COBRA

In the modern realm, by Yamuna's gentle flow,
A tale of Krishna, from ages ago,
She cobras emerged, their message so clear,
To young Krishna in the waters, they drew near.

"Dear child," they implored, voices soft and kind,
"Leave this river's depths, danger's here you'll find,
The cobra, our king, with venom's might,
May harm you, dear Krishna, in the water's light."

But Krishna, with a smile on his radiant face,
Held a world of wisdom, in this sacred space,
He listened to their plea, so heartfelt and pure,
Then spoke of compassion, his love's enduring lure.

"Dear sisters of the river," he gently did say,
"Though fearsome your king, in the water's sway,
I shall not leave your realm, nor bring him harm,
But a message of love, I wish to share, to charm."

With those words of grace, he moved through the stream,
Where dark waters whispered, like a distant dream,
The cobra, their king, rose from depths below,
In his fiery gaze, Krishna's love did glow.

The cobras bowed low, their gratitude profound,
For Krishna's compassion, in that moment, they found,
He left the river's depths, but not without a trace,
Of love, kindness, and grace, in that sacred space.

In modern times, this tale still holds its sway,
Of Krishna's wisdom, love's enduring display,
For in the depths of life's rivers, dark and wide,
His compassion flows, like an eternal tide.

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KRISHNA IN CHATTERATI

In the modern halls of knowledge, students gather 'round,
Their voices like a symphony, in wisdom they are bound,
Each field of study, a chapter they explore,
But when they speak of Krishna, they seek something more.

The science and tech minds, with logic sharp and clear,
Discuss Krishna in equations, beyond what we hold dear,
The cosmic dance, the universe's grand design,
In every star and galaxy, they see his light shine.

Space science students, with dreams of worlds untold,
Speak of Krishna in the cosmos, where mysteries unfold,
They ponder on his presence in the vast expanse,
In black holes, nebulae, and his cosmic dance.

Psychology students delve deep into the mind,
In the realm of thoughts and emotions, they find,
Krishna as the seeker, in the human soul's expanse,
In the psyche's labyrinth, his love and wisdom enhance.

Humanity students explore life's varied art,
They see Krishna in every story, a beating heart,
In literature, in history, in cultures far and wide,
His essence, like a thread, through every narrative does glide.

Management students, with plans and strategies in tow,
Talk of Krishna's leadership, how to make ideas flow,
In leadership lessons, they find his guidance so divine,
In managing life's challenges, his wisdom they align.

But amidst all this chatter, in wisdom's grand array,
A little princess speaks, her innocence on display,
To her friend another princess, with a smile so bright,
She says, "Krishna is ours, in the purest light."

In the world of chatterati, where knowledge does unfurl,
Krishna belongs to every heart, every boy and every girl,
In unity and in love, their voices shall resound,
Krishna's boundless grace shall forever be found.

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KRISHNA'S MESSAGE IN PRACTICE

In the arras of time where myths entwine,
A figure of divine beauty, in stories we define,
Krishna, the melody of love, in tales of yore,
Whispers through the ages, a wisdom to explore.

From Krishna's flute, a cosmic symphony does rise,
He's the essence of existence, the truth that lies,
In world of mythology, his image intertwines,
With gods and goddesses, in ancient, hallowed shrines.

We offer prayers, our voices in devotion soar,
Yet Krishna teaches, there's something even more,
Not mere words and pleas, but actions true,
To walk on righteous path, it's for us to pursue.

In the pantheon of deities, we seek their aid,
To guide us on our journey, decisions to be made,
But Krishna's message, clear as morning light,
Is that we must take action, in our own might.

He boosts our ethos, with love's eternal grace,
But it's our duty to step up, in life's vast embrace,
No nectar shall fall from the heavens above,
Without our struggles, our labour and our love.

Each message of Krishna, positive and pure,
In every challenge, an opportunity to endure,
With his wisdom as our guide, our hearts anew,
We forge our destiny, in actions we pursue.

So, in Krishna's light, let our spirits soar,
With love, we'll find the strength to explore,
The path of righteousness, where actions bloom,
In Krishna's embrace, our souls shall find their room.

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CHILDREN PLAY: KRISHNA- KRISHNA

In childhood's world, where joy takes flight,
I glimpsed children's play, pure and bright,
Two groups, both chanting Krishna's name,
In their world of fancy, they staked their claim.

Ideas emerged, to set their groups apart,
With divine names, they could make a start,
Yet, to my surprise, a choice they did agree,
To play as Krishna, Krishna, both wild and free.

Their games played on, in laughter and delight,
Till one group's triumph, in the fading light,
But their words astounded, with wisdom in their tone,
Krishna knows no victory or loss, they've shown.

It's we, the earthly players, etched in game's decree,
In victory and defeat, we dance or fight you see,
Krishna's essence soars, beyond this mortal beat,
In his name, we find solace, in joy and in defeat.

In the innocence of youth, they revealed a treasure,
Krishna's love and wisdom, beyond worldly measure,
In triumph or in loss, he remains steadfast and true,
Krishna Krishna, is their refuge, in everything they do.

IN KRISHNA'S LIGHT

In Krishna's wisdom, a message does unfurl,
All religions are divine, for the good of the world,
Christ is compassion, in his teachings we find,
A boundless love to heal the whole humankind.

Krishna, the embodiment of love's sweet grace,
Guiding us with kindness, in every path we trace,
Muhammad preaches peace, in words and deeds,
A message of unity, where love he eternally feeds.

Buddha, in empathy, shows the way to care,
For every living being, in his tranquil prayer,
Zoroaster brings joy, a light in darkest night,
Guiding us towards goodness and pure light.

All prophets and sages, their message so true,
Preach love, compassion, in all that they do,
But God wonders, as he gazes from above,
Why do humans miss the message of pure love?

In Child's heart, a prayer does take flight,
For unity and understanding, in love's light,
There lies in each faith, message is the same,
In love, in care, in harmony all we may frame.

Oh Krishna, in your light, help us see the way,
To embrace the truth, in every faith, every day,
For in love, compassion, peace, and joy we find,
A common thread for uniting all of humankind.

KRISHNA FOR ALL SEASONS

Krishna, a timeless presence, in all season's grace,
A smile of divinity, on nature's magnanimous face,
In spring, he's budding flower, in colours that delight,
A symbol of regeneration, in every petal's flight.

In summer's scorching heat, he's the shade of a tree,
Offering cool respite, to every birds and weary bee,
His love, like a gentle breeze, in every leaf's caress,
In the warmth of the sun, his radiance we confess.

As autumn leaves fall, he's the harvest's golden sheaf,
In the bounty of the earth, his presence is the chief,
A giver of abundance, in every grain and corn,
Krishna, the provider, from the day he was born.

In winter's icy grasp, he's the hearth's warming glow,
In the cold and quiet, his love begins to flow,
A comfort in the cold, in the fire's gentle dance,
Krishna, the eternal, in every season's trance.

Through the cycle of seasons, his essence thrives,
In the changing world, his love forever survives,
Krishna, in every time, in every vibrant hue,
A symbol of eternal love, forever shining through.

KRISHNA CONSCIOUSNESS

In days of yore, poets adored with heartfelt grace,
A Krishna of devotion, in verses they'd embrace,
Krishna, international consciousness, they'd proclaim,
Yet, did Krishna truly reign, or was it just a name?

Chanting "Hare Krishna," a practice so devout,
Yet, does it capture the essence beyond doubt?
Pure consciousness, finds its sweetest song,
But in chanting, where does practice belong?

For Krishna, if alive, would surely ask of thee,
More than lip service, in devotion let it be,
Practicing Krishna consciousness, not just for show,
But in deeds and thoughts, let pure submission flow.

Symbols, be they spangles or emblems of old,
Do they truly represent hearts' stories untold?
Practicing isn't mere adornment we bestow,
It's in helping one another, in our actions, we grow.

In words and deeds, let Krishna's love define,
Our actions guided by compassion's pure sign,
In thoughts and actions, let kindness be our creed,
That's Krishna consciousness, we all should heed.

So let's not simply chant, but with hearts aligned,
To Krishna's message of love, forever intertwined,
In deeds, words, and thoughts, let devotion be,
A testament of pure love, for all the world to see.

KRISHNA IN MYTHOLOGY

In modern times, where myths and legends blend,
I speak of Krishna, a timeless message to send,
With mythology's wisdom, we rekindle the old,
In a modern world, his captivating tale is retold.

From Greece's Olympus to the Nile so grand,
From Norse mythology's icy northern land,
Krishna stands, a symbol of love so pure,
In tales from world, his essence does endure.

As Vishnu's avatar, in the pious Hindu lore,
He's the flute-playing god, whom we adore,
But in modern context, his teachings transcend,
Cultures and religions, they harmoniously blend.

In Greece, he's the harmony of Apollo's lyre,
In Egypt, a symbol of resurrection from the mire,
In Norse myth, he is a warrior's courage so bold,
In Krishna's love and wisdom, world finds its mold.

His lessons of compassion, love, and grace,
In every culture's myth, we find their trace,
For in a modern world, his message still stands,
A universal truth, across all earthly lands.

So, Krishna, in myth and modernity's race,
Your teachings of love are a timeless grace,
In changing world your wisdom we unfold,
For in every mythology, your story is retold.

KRISHNA IN EVERY FAMILY

In every family, a Krishna does live,
Not born to Devki, nor Yashoda's weave,
A Krishna of pure love, divine and free,
In every heart's innocence, his smile we see.

Not earthly love, but a love that's divine,
Where souls merge in unity, in a sacred line,
Krishna's world is the playground of the soul,
In his magnanimity, we find our ultimate goal.

With a smile that brightens the darkest night,
He fills every heart with pure delight,
His beauty and gaiety, a joy to behold,
In Krishna's love, all stories are told.

In the dance of existence, he takes the lead,
In every act of kindness, his love we heed,
Krishna's name, a symbol of unity's song,
In his love, we all do belong.

So in every family, in each heart's expanse,
Krishna dwells in love, in a divine dance,
A name that signifies pure love's art,
In Krishna's magnanimity, we find our heart.

KRISHNA PLAYS CRICKET

In the realm where divinity meets sport,
Imagine Krishna on a Cricket's court,
With his celestial grace and a radiant smile,
He steps onto the pitch in grand style.

As the bowler approaches with all his might,
Krishna's eyes gleam, like stars in the night,
With a stance so poised, both firm and true,
He readies himself for what he'll do.

The cricket ball hurtles through the air,
But Krishna's bat meets it with utmost care,
A flick of his wrist, a gentle touch,
And the ball races away, oh, how much!

On the ground, he moves with grace and ease,
His *Sthitpragya* state, a sense of inner peace,
His teammates all astounded by his skill,
For Krishna's cricketing talent a celestial thrill.

With every shot and every wicket taken,
Krishna's love for the game is never shaken,
Just as on the side of Arjuna he'd stand,
On the cricket field, he's equally grand.

His Sankhya, the divine wisdom he imparts,
Guides him in sports and in all the arts,
Krishna and cricket, an unexpected pair,
But in each moment, his grace is rare.

In the world of sports, he's a shining star,
In every game, from near and far,
Krishna plays with love and devotion,
In cricket's realm, a heavenly emotion.

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KRISHNA OUT OF HIS FLUTE

Let's take Krishna out of his flute's gentle hold,
As we journey through mystic realms untold,
Beyond the horizon where sky meets the land,
In Krishna's boundless love, we'll joyously stand.

At the threshold of the infinite, our spirits soar,
In the hold of Krishna, we'll seek more and more,
Expanding his essence from the song's sweet note,
In the dance of existence, in love's endless devote.

With every breath and every step we take,
We'll find Krishna's presence, for his sake,
He's the heart of our journey, the source of our grace,
In Krishna's boundless love, we'll find our rightful place.

In unity, we'll stand, hand in hand, souls entwined,
As we see Krishna free from the flute's confines,
He's the essence of love, in each of us, within,
In the boundless world of Krishna, our souls shall begin.

Let's take Krishna from his flute's sweet embrace,
At the sky kisses the land, in this sacred space,
Beyond the bounds of time, where horizon blends,
Where land meets the heavens, our mystic journey extends.

At the horizon's edge, where realms intertwine,
Krishna dwells there, in the light so divine,
Nowhere and everywhere, his essence does abide,
In Krishna moment, pure consciousness takes its stride.

It touches every soul it finds, a universal grace,
Transcending all boundaries, in love's warm embrace,
Those who grasp that moment, their spirits ascend,
Becoming heart of Meera or Radha without end.

Mansur, Sarmad, Yogi and the Sufi, they become,
In Krishna's realm of love, where hearts forever hum,
A song, a flute, their spirits intertwine,
In the melodies of Krishna, in love's sweet design.

Now, let's bring Krishna among people in every space,
Beyond affiliations, but in love's warm embrace,
Pure Brahma, the ultimate reality, we'll understand,
Let's cherish him in our hearts, in this sacred land.

Krishna among us, students, teachers, far and wide,
Beyond labels and divisions, in love we'll confide,
In his boundless love, our souls will find their root,
As Krishna, the eternal, we embrace the absolute.

From the heart of the flute, Krishna's love does gleam,
As the land meets the sky, in this timeless dream,
Beyond the bounds of time, in a mystical theme,
In Krishna's love, we'll find our eternal dream.

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KRISHNA'S COSMIC CANVAS

See the firmament, heaven's grand descent,
To merge with the earth, where horizons are sent,
For the love of Krishna, it descends with grace,
In this divine embrace, we find our sacred place.

Phoebus, red and radiant, in the bay's dusk glow,
Its fiery anger, a fervent tale to show,
Refusing to depart from Krishna's blessed land,
In devotion, it lingers, as if by Krishna's hand.

The golden plate of day, the nourisher of all,
In Krishna's realm, it rises and does fall,
With each gentle sunset, it bids adieu,
In Krishna's love, the cycle it does pursue.

The sky is Krishna's canvas, vast and grand,
The Sun, a radiant charioteer, at his command,
The land beneath, his sacred domain,
In Krishna's love, all things find their refrain.

The horizon, where worlds and realms entwine,
In Krishna's alluring presence, they all align,
All that we perceive, in its diverse array,
Is but a reflection of Krishna's cosmic play.

And in the unseen, in the depths of our soul,
Krishna's love and presence take their toll,
In every breath, in every heartbeat's rhyme,
In Krishna's grace, we find the sublime.

Krishna, the sky, the Sun, the land, the sea,
In unity, they dance, in divine harmony,
For all that is seen and all that's concealed,
In Krishna's love, our hearts are revealed.

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KRISHNA IS PURE LOVE

Krishna is the love that binds every heart,
In his embrace, we find our sacred part,
The grand design of the world, his wondrous art,
Connecting souls, his love does impart.

Unseen, the beauty of spirituality's grace,
In Krishna's name, we find our rightful place,
A bridge that unites every soul we face,
In his love, we share an endless embrace.

The sky bows down before Krishna's grandeur,
Each sunrise and sunset, a divine venture,
The stars twinkle with devotion, so pure,
In the name of Krishna, their love does endure.

The mountains stand tall, their peaks kiss the sky,
In Krishna's presence, they reach so high,
The rivers meander, a sweet lullaby,
In his name, their waters flow, never to run dry.

In the forests, where creatures roam free,
Krishna's love, the tapestry of unity,
The wind whispers secrets through every tree,
In Krishna's world, we find our community.

The whole world, his canvas, where all is one,
In Krishna's name, the journey's begun,
From the seen to the unseen, in the cosmic run,
His love connects all, like the morning sun.

The oceans deep, in their depths they hold,
Secrets of Krishna, in their waters, untold,
Every grain of sand, every story to be extolled,
In his love, all things find their threshold.

Krishna is the love, the eternal link,
In the hearts of all, his presence does sink,
A love that connects, a love that does think,
In Krishna's embrace, we'll never shrink.

The world, a grand design of his grace,
The unseen beauty that we all chase,
In Krishna's name, our hearts find their place,
In his love, we're all part of his cosmic space.

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KRISHNA'S WORDS IN A WORLD OF WHIMS

In Krishna's teachings, truth did reside,
Guidance for all, and a spiritual guide,
He preached with love, for every soul,
To make the world complete, to make it whole.

But as the world turns, a different spin,
Krishna's pure words, they twist within,
For their own desires, their own need,
They alter the truths, plant a different seed.

Krishna's wisdom, a light so bright,
Meant to guide through day and night,
Yet people twist it to their wicked will,
Twisting his words for their plans to fulfill.

Coconuts offered in devotion's name,
But treasure's desire, they aim to claim,
Even the coconut, a simple gift,
They take it back, spirits adrift.

This is the world, in ways unknown,
Turning Krishna's teachings into their own,
Yet in his pure message, the truth does gleam,
A light to guide through life's winding stream.

Krishna's teachings, a timeless grace,
A path to follow in life's embrace,
In the world, where minds may sway,
Krishna's truth shines bright, come what may.

WHISPERS OF KRISHNA

In the land of Vrindavan, where peacocks dance,
Amidst the Gopis' laughter, a divine romance,
Krishna, the beloved, with his flute in hand,
Guiding hearts to a sacred, enchanted land.

With eyes like lotus petals, deep and wise,
He'd play his flute under the azure skies,
The melody, a river of love, serene,
In Krishna's tunes, every soul would convene.

The Yamuna's waters, crystal-clear and pure,
Mirrored the heavens, where Krishna's songs endure,
He danced upon the ripples, a sight so grand,
In Krishna's presence, all troubles would disband.

The she-cobras watched in wonder and fear,
As Krishna, the enchanting one, drew near,
They pleaded for his mercy, to spare their kin,
In Krishna's grace, even the serpents found win.

He lifted Govardhan Hill, with strength untold,
A protector of his people, brave and bold,
The cows and calves, his cherished friends,
In Krishna's love, all conflict amends.

Radha, his beloved, their love story divine,
In Krishna's arms, their souls did entwine,
The Gopis' devotion, a love so pure,
In Krishna's embrace, their hearts found the cure.

As a divine charioteer, in battle he'd stand,
Guiding Arjuna's heart, with a steady hand,
The Bhagavad Gita, his wisdom profound,
In Krishna's teachings, truth and love are found.

From playful days of youth to wisdom's grace,
Krishna's journey, a sacred, timeless trace,
In devotees' hearts, his love does reside,
In Krishna's eternal presence, they confide.

In temples and homes, his idols we adore,
In the verses of poets, his tales we explore,
Krishna, the beloved, in our hearts does sleep,
In his love, in his grace, our souls we keep.

For Krishna is the essence, the love that binds,
In every heart, his presence unwinds,
A celestial melody, a divine art,
In Krishna's love, we all find our part.

THIS WORLD IS A GUEST HOUSE

In Krishna's grace, this world's a guest house pure,
 Eternal he, while all else does endure,
 Each morning greets a guest, with bright display,
 Joy, meanness, mirth, in Krishna's grand array.

Krishna's lesson, a truth both deep and bright,
 Each guest embraced with love and pure delight,
 For in their presence, in their unique way,
 Krishna's purpose unfolds in the light of day.

Let sorrows come, their lessons we must glean,
 To pave the way for joys that intervene,
 In Krishna's grand design, we shall believe,
 Every guest, a purpose, in love, we receive.

For Krishna is the host, and we the guest,
 In his eternal love, we find our rest,
 In joy or melancholy, we partake,
 In Krishna's heart, our souls forever wake.

KRISHNA TAKES A FRENCH LEAVE

In Vrindavan, a tale unfolds, quite rare,
 As Krishna seeks a French leave, to take the air,
 The Gopis' hearts, with worry, gently pound,
 In Krishna's absence, silence does surround.

With peacocks' cries and the Yamuna's flow,
 Where Krishna's footsteps used to softly go,
 The leaves of trees, in whispers, do confess,
 Their longing for his presence's sweet caress.

The temples grand, where incense swirls in grace,
 Now find his sanctum in an empty space,
 Devotees, with offerings held in hand,
 Await his return to their sacred land.

The cows graze peacefully, yet seem to miss,
 The melodies of his flute, their source of bliss,
 And Radha's heart, with longing, does ache,
 In Krishna's leave, her love does fiercely wake.

The economy that thrived on Krishna's name,
 Now weaves in stillness, in a quiet frame,
 A florist's children, petals left unstrung,
 In his French leave, their dreams go unsung.

But even when he takes this transient flight,
In every heart, he shines with love's pure light,
In his brief absence, a deep love's gleam,
Krishna's spirit resides in every dream.

For even when he takes this fleeting air,
His love's eternal, beyond compare,
In Vrindavan's embrace, his heart does weave,
In every moment, even a French leave.

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KRISHNA ON COSMIC WIND

Krishna, come riding on the cosmic wind,
Behold the world where chaos has sinned,
See, oh Krishna, how it's gone astray,
As masses gather their weapons of dismay.

Krishna, I pray thee, cast your eyes to earth,
Observe the turmoil, the world's bitter mirth,
Though 'Sthitaprajna' you are, serene and still,
Now, Krishna, see, the world needs your will.

Descend, dear Krishna, from the boundless sky,
Into the hearts of people, let love amplify,
Unite them in worship, their different ways,
In your name, in your grace, through endless days.

I know, Krishna, you are both named and nameless,
In every heart, you're the pure, endlessness,
Guide those who oppose, let wisdom unfurl,
In their hearts and minds, Krishna, be the world.

Teach them that reality is one and true,
That in every heart, it's the same, Krishna, as you,
For you are the essence, the purest stream,
In the nameless love, in every heart's dream.

KRISHNA BLOWS WITH BREEZES

In the whispers of the breeze, Krishna resides,
 Ever-smiling, divine essence, where divinity abides,
 Every grain of life holds his whispered grace,
 Captivating face and eyes, a celestial embrace.

His allure transcends, fascinating all who see,
 A universal charm, he has where love's hearts flee,
 Ultimate reality, yet easily found in each glance,
 Accessible divinity, in life's intricate dance.

Others, in their divine realms, find a distant shore,
 But with Krishna, friendship, an open door,
 Child among children, his laughter's symphony,
 Youthful spirit with girls and boys in harmony.

With elders, a sage, a spiritual guide so near,
 In each interaction, his divinity mirrors clear.
 This, the beauty of Krishna, boundless and pure,
 Cosmic presence for everyone, it is a life's allure.

He's the child's laughter in a sunlit play,
 The youth's dreams at the break of day,
 Wisdom's whisper in elderly's serene glance,
 Krishna's grace leaps in every life's dance.

In Krishna's essence, the universe gets unwind,
 Divine reality manifest in every soul's bind,
 For in each heart, a Krishna's tale is told,
 The eternal sagas of love endlessly unfold.

HEAVENLY CLAN

In the digital hum, Krishna's presence prevails,
 Beyond his flute, in tech-mythic tales.
 Within every byte, in algorithms' rhyme,
 His divinity echoes, transcending time.

He's the code that weaves, an encrypted lore,
 In cyber realms, where data streams soar.
 As pixels dance on screens shines aglow,
 Krishna's essence peeps in digital flow.

In the pulse of quantum beats, he's found,
 In particles entangled, the universe unbound.
 A holographic marvel, in each projection,
 Krishna's divine essence, a cosmic connection.

He's the whisper in the smart device's guise,
 A voice in the void, a tech-powered prize.
 In the neural networks' learning spree,
 Krishna's wisdom, is a digital decree.

From drones that soar in skies so high,
 To satellites mapping the expanse of the sky,
 Krishna's omnipresence in technological flight,
 In every innovation, he is a divine insight.

In biotech's wonder, in genes aligned,
 In the quest for life, his presence defined.
 As CRISPR wields its molecular might,
 Krishna's grace, in every genetic light.

He's the fusion of tech and divine art,
In modern marvels, he plays a part.
For Krishna, beyond the flute's enchanting play,
In the modern world, his divinity holds sway.

Amidst the circuits and wires' maze,
Krishna's essence in modern ways.
Divine in Godly grace, he does persist,
In every innovation, in technology's twist.

On this modern canvas, Krishna thrives,
His divinity reflects in every code that drives.
In the cosmic dance of bytes and span,
Krishna's essence, is a heavenly cyber-clan.

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KRISHNA REVERIE

In a moment of celestial grace, Krishna and I,
On the ley, beneath the boundless sky,
Two souls, merged in heavenly embrace,
In the sanctity of Krishna's love, we find our place.

We feel the river of life's flowing course,
Garden's beauty, nature's vibrant force,
Birds in symphony serenade our hearts,
In Krishna's love, our souls are where love starts.

The stars above, like sentinels in the night,
Witness as we, like crescent moons, take flight,
Krishna, we, boundless and ever free,
In this eternal union, our hearts in unity.

In union, we walk, the noise of the world we shun,
Into the realm of love, where treasures are spun,
Heaven's parrots, in joy, sweet laughter sings,
In Krishna's love, our souls take to joyful wings.

One form in this world, another in realms divine,
In Krishna's love, our souls and hearts entwine,
In timeless lands, a sacred shore we explore,
In Krishna's love, forever, we adore.

KRISHNA'S HEAVENLY TOUCH

In times of discord and global disarray,
As nations stockpile, preparing for doomsday,
Lands are seized, like Duryodhan's bitter cry,
Proclaiming, not to give even a needle's eye.

Krishna, Charioteer in Mahabharat's grand scheme,
Where arrows flew like a warrior's dream,
Now, modern foes unleash their sulfurous fire,
On innocents, their dreams they conspire.

Be the Charioteer, oh Krishna, guide the way,
Lead those in need to a brighter day,
Now, the hour's ripe, your divine descent we plea,
Bring harmony, peace, and set the world free.

Descend from realms, your effulgence aglow,
With wisdom and grace, let love's river flow,
Unveil tranquility, let foes and friends unite,
And launch a realm of peace, shining bright.

In this tempestuous hour, we seek your hand,
To banish the darkness, let love's fire expand,
Krishna, the world yearns for your divine touch,
Lead us toward an era where love's the crutch.

KRISHNA'S DIVINE RENDEZVOUS

If the world were to encounter Krishna's grace,
A celestial presence in this earthly space,
The very air would hum with sacred melody,
As hearts unite in divine, joyous revelry.

In that moment, time itself might stand still,
As all creation bows to the Divine's will,
Each atom, a testament to Krishna's profound love,
As he descends, an ethereal presence from above.

The world, in awe, beholds a form so divine,
Infinite compassion in those eyes that shine,
With skin as dark as the midnight sky,
The embodiment of love, no mortal can deny.

A flute's sweet music would kiss the breeze,
As Krishna's laughter ripples through the trees,
Flowers would bloom, even in desert's embrace,
In the presence of Krishna, all finds its rightful place.

Mountains might bow and rivers cease to flow,
As humanity's collective heart in reverence would grow,
With a touch of his grace, the world would transcend,
To a realm of unity, where divisions would end.

A rendezvous with Krishna, a glimpse of the sublime,
In his presence, the soul's awakening to its prime,
With every breath, we'd know love's purest form,
As Krishna's light within us ignites, ever warm.

In that sacred meeting, hearts would be free,
Awakening to love's truest, boundless decree,
A rendezvous with Krishna, an eternal embrace,
A taste of divinity, a glimpse of endless grace.

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KRISHNA'S INTERVIEW

Journalist 1:

Krishna, in a world where chaos does prevail,
Butchery of people is rising high, can your wisdom unveil?
Do you see the suffering, the tears, and the cries?
What guidance can you offer, to help us be wise?

Krishna:

My dear friend, in the name of love, I say,
True devotion is kind, it doesn't lead astray,
No soul should suffer, in the name of any creed,
In love, unity and compassion, let all hearts lead.

Journalist 2:

Krishna, the plight of rape victims, a grave concern,
The guilty roam freely, it's a lesson we need to learn,
Can you see the darkness in this troubled land?
How can we bring justice and lend a helping hand?

Krishna:

My dear friend, compassion should guide our way,
For every soul deserves to see a brighter day,
Let justice be swift, and the guilty face their fate,
In empathy and love, may we all find a balanced state.

Remember

My dear friend, justice should be blind to all,
For in the eyes of the divine, no one should stand tall,
Let truth prevail, and the guilty face the law,
In unity and righteousness, let justice be our draw.

Journalist 4:

Krishna, in these trying times, we seek your light,
In a world of chaos, where wrongs deeds are made right,
Your wisdom, a lighthouse shining ever so bright,
In this interview, may your words bring hope and light.

Krishna:

My dear friends, the answers lie within your hearts,
In love, in unity, where each soul plays its part,
Let truth and compassion guide your every way,
And in my name, may peace and justice forever stay

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GIVE THY EARS KRISHNA

In sorrow's shadowed realm, we gather here today,
With heavy hearts, in shame, we find our words to say,
Krishna, you who've seen it all, who knows our pain and fears,
As our nation weeps in anguish, we seek solace in your tears.

Hatred and killing of men and women, it's a stain upon any land,
Can you hear the cries of sorrow, the anguish close at hand?
Victims' silent screams, their voices left unheard,
In this world of darkness, where truth is no longer preferred.

Crooks dance in vainglory, their garlands shine bright,
Injustice flaunts freely, where's the refuge from this blight?
Krishna, we're lost in chaos, we're yearning for your way,
Guide us with your wisdom, help us see the light of day.

In these times of struggle, we turn our eyes to you,
As unity and love wane, and our hope begins to skew,
Your wisdom shines so brightly, a guiding torch in the night,
In this elegy, may your grace bring our world back to light.

May truth and compassion reign, and love once more take hold,
In a land where discord reigns, and hearts have turned so cold,
Krishna, let your love and grace help us see the way,
Lead us back to a land, where love and harmony forever stay.

KRISHNA AMONG PANICLES

In the Bajra field, where the emerald sea sways,
To welcome Krishna, in the Sun's warm blaze,
The Bajra panicles, like Krishnas, stand tall,
Amidst the lush waves, they sway and call.

Countless Krishnas, their forms divine,
Dancing with the wind, a graceful line,
Gopis of the land, these plants so grand,
With leafy arms, they reach for the sky's hand.

Nomadic men, their turbans in the air,
Sickles raised high, a joyful, rhythmic flare,
In Krishna's tune, the golden harvest sings,
As nature and melody, in harmony, clings.

Shepherd girls in rhythm, with silver anklets' sound,
In their every step, Krishna's joy is found,
The Bajra field, where heaven meets the earth,
A sacred dance of Krishna's divine rebirth.

The landscape transformed, by Krishna's embrace,
As nature and devotion, beautifully interlace,
The lush Bajra plants, like Gopis in a trance,
A celestial waltz, a divine, graceful dance.

KRISHNA'S SOOTHING WORDS

In a world consumed by strife and bitter feud,
Where brother turns on brother, a cruel interlude,
Recite, dear Krishna, a lullaby to soothe the night,
A song of peace and love, to end this endless fight.

Let your tender notes calm the hearts of men,
For in your melody, we find peace again,
In the cradle of your song, let hatred fall,
As we listen to your lullaby, the sweetest of all.

Though wars have raged and darkness seems to reign,
Your lullaby, dear Krishna, eases every pain,
In your soothing words, we find a tranquil shore,
As you sing us to sleep, and the battles are no more.

So recite your lullaby, with a gentle grace,
Bring an end to conflict, let love embrace,
In the midst of chaos, let your music be our guide,
As we close our eyes and peacefully reside.

DESCEND ON EARTHLY PLAIN

Krishna, descend once more, to our earthly plain,
 With your divine flute, unleash a wondrous refrain,
 Not to enthrall the Gopis and the shepherd's sweet embrace,
 But to banish odium from hearts, let love take its place.

Teach us, Krishna, that worship, though pure and fair,
 Is not enough to cleanse the souls of those who dare,
 To harbor prejudice and bias in their minds,
 To set aside the differences, to the truth let them bind.

Reincarnate, Krishna, in these turbulent days,
 Guide us through the chaos in so many different ways,
 With your wisdom and love, let understanding grow,
 In your melodies, the world's hatred shall cease to flow.

So play your flute, not for the Gopis alone,
 But for every heart, a love so brightly shone,
 Krishna, as you lead us, together we'll stand,
 In unity, we'll flourish, hand in hand.

KRISHNA LIVES IN LOVE

In the realm of love and grace, Krishna, you reside,
 Upon your sacred flute, melodies coincide,
 With each note and rhythm, a world's heartbeat,
 In divine harmony, souls and senses meet.

You dance through time, in the heart of eternity,
 A cosmic symphony, a divine fraternity,
 In rhythm's embrace, the universe is spun,
 Every life and every soul, we are all one.

Oh Krishna, your music transcends the earthly realm,
 In the heart's deepest caverns, it overwhelms,
 Let us sway to your tunes, our spirits uplifted,
 For in your melodious presence, we are gifted.

The cadence of your love, a timeless refrain,
 As we dance to your rhythm, transcending pain,
 In your tune, we find unity and release,
 For in your melodies, our hearts find peace.

JAGU'S INNOCENCE

My friend Jagu once asked with curiosity so keen,
 "How would you craft poems of Krishna on a modern scene?"
 With fervor, I replied, "It's easy, let me explain,
 I'll bring Krishna on today world, in joy and in pain."

I'll take Krishna out of his flute and mythology's domain,
 And place him amidst modern men, with all their joy and pain.
 To the place of eternal bliss, in harmony's sweet domain,
 Where people sing in glee, as one, their voices to sustain.

I'll take Krishna to the sorrows, of children and women's chain,
 Enduring the anguish inflicted by men, their tears a gentle rain.
 I'll let Krishna witness the horrors of war, where lives are slain,
 Innocent souls caught in the crossfire, enduring needless strain.

I won't confine Krishna to mere smiles, butter, and a terracotta pot,
 But let him walk among the people, sharing in their every thought.
 In joy and sorrow, love and pain, in the world that's never caught,
 My poems on Krishna in the modern context, a tale to be taught.

KRISHNA IN MODERN TIME

In modern times, a Krishna reimagined anew,
 Beyond ancient myths, in the world we view,
 From the confines of legend, he'll now emerge,
 Into the tapestry of humanity, where tales converge.

No more just melodies and pastoral delight,
 But a Krishna of today, in both day and night,
 He'll step out from his flute, and take a stride,
 Into the hearts of people, where life's stories reside.

Let's take Krishna to the horizon where skies embrace,
 Where land and heavens meet, in a tranquil space,
 Among the multitudes, where voices blend and sing,
 In unity, they'll rejoice, let their spirits take wing.

But Krishna won't linger in idyllic scenes alone,
 He'll traverse the modern world, where troubles are sown,
 Into the lives of those who bear both joy and sorrow,
 His love a balm for all, today and tomorrow.

He'll journey through the sorrows of women and children,
 Those who endure pain, in a world often unhidden,
 He'll stand witness to their suffering, injustice's cruel art,
 For Krishna's compassion embraces every heart.

In the horrors of war, where innocence is betrayed,
He'll lend a caring eye, where hope starts to fade,
Not just a flutist or a smiling, carefree deity,
Krishna will be a symbol of love and equality.

In this modern context, his presence shall reside,
In every tale, in every heart, in every stride,
A timeless figure in a world that yearns to see,
The love and grace of Krishna, boundless and free.

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KRISHNA ON MODERN STAGE

I'll bring Krishna onto the modern scene,
In the world we know, where life can be mean,
From the realm of legends and myths of old,
To a more contemporary, relatable fold.

I'll guide him out from his mystical flute,
To meet today's people in their pursuit,
Of happiness, peace, and moments of grace,
Where he'll find his own, a special place.

Krishna will no longer just play and smile,
He'll navigate challenges, mile by mile,
Amidst joys and pains, in people's hearts,
Where life's intricate tapestry imparts.

To the horizon where the sky meets land,
Where humanity's voices harmoniously expand,
He'll stroll, absorbing their collective cheer,
A companion to everyone, far and near.

But Krishna won't shy from the struggles we face,
He'll witness sorrow, in life's intricate maze,
Among children, women, both laughter and tears,
He'll stand with them, calming their fears.

In the throes of war, where innocence is lost,
He'll be there, no matter the ultimate cost,
Not confined to a terracotta pot and flute,
Krishna's love will be present, resolute.

In this modern world, his influence will grow,
In the tales we tell, and the love we'll show,
A timeless figure in a world that yearns to see,
Krishna's grace and compassion, eternally free.

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KRISHNA SANS LEGENDS

In modern times, I'll paint a Krishna's tale,
Beyond myth and legend, in a world of travail,
I'll bring Krishna forth, from his flute he'll rise,
Into the heart of humanity, where countless stories lie.

No more just melodies and idyllic scenes,
But Krishna amidst the modern maladies, it seems,
He'll join the chorus where the sky kisses the earth,
In the unity of voices, where all share in mirth.

Krishna will journey into the sorrows of today,
Among children and women who endure, come what may,
He'll witness the suffering, the injustices that unfold,
For Krishna's love extends to all, both young and old.

In the horrors of war, he'll lend his compassionate gaze,
As innocent souls suffer through those dreadful days,
No more just a flutist, smiling and carefree,
Krishna will stand with humanity, ensuring all are free.

So, in the modern context, Krishna shall reside,
In every heart, in every story, in every stride,
A timeless presence, in joy and in despair,
In a world that needs his love and tender care.

SOIREE WITH KRISHNA

Today, I met Krishna, a vision from days of old,
 His smile radiant, his eyes like polished gold,
 A pot of butter gripped within his loving embrace,
 Yet, in this encounter, I witnessed divine grace.

Krishna, now with the tender touch of charity,
 Fed a poor boy, bound by life's disparity,
 In a hammock, where his mother toiled and swayed,
 Carrying bricks, her burdens she obeyed.

But Krishna's love, like a river gently flowed,
 Nurturing the child in the hammock's abode,
 Amidst the slum's narrow alleys, I did see,
 Krishna's calling, spreading love's decree.

As he ran, more little Krishnas did arise,
 A multitude of grace, with love in their eyes,
 Each child a reflection of his boundless love,
 An eternal presence, blessings from above.

In the heart of the slum, a symphony did play,
 Krishna's compassion, lighting up their day,
 Each note a reminder, each laugh and cheer,
 That Krishna's love and grace are always near.

A PRAYER TO KRISHNA

In a world where chaos seems to reign,
 Man's actions cause much suffering and pain,
 Krishna, descend with your radiant grace,
 And fill the world with your loving embrace.

Spread your smile, oh Krishna, wide and bright,
 Banish the darkness, bring forth the light,
 Pour your nectar and bliss upon this land,
 Guide us away from the path that's grand.

For in this age where hatred seems to grow,
 We yearn for love, a compassion's glow,
 Let the hearts of people, their hatreds depart,
 In your love, Krishna, unite every heart.

Amidst the turmoil, let your presence shine,
 In this world of chaos, let your love entwine,
 Krishna, bring unity where divisions reside,
 In your divine love, let all hearts coincide.

KRISHNA AN ESSENCE OF LOVE

In the heart of devotion, Krishna does reside,
 A guiding light where all souls can confide,
 Yet some, in ignorance, let divisions sow,
 In the name of faith, their hearts must grow.

Krishna, oh divine one, show us the way,
 To unite all souls, in love's grand display,
 For those who differentiate in blind belief,
 Let your grace illuminate, to bring relief.

Some fanatics may oppose the path of love,
 And all those who worship, below or above,
 But Krishna, in your name, let unity gleam,
 In the diversity of worship, let love redeem.

To those who claim you as their own alone,
 In your boundless heart, let the truth be known,
 Krishna is the essence, the love that's pure,
 In every soul, an eternal love, the cure.

So let this poem, a prayer to begin,
 A dedication to Krishna, in love, akin,
 To find the way where unity does thrive,
 In Krishna's name, let all souls alive.

BLISSFUL MOMENTS WITH KRISHNA

A moment of bliss, Krishna, you and I,
 On the verandah, 'neath the endless sky,
 Two beings, yet one in spirit's embrace,
 In Krishna's love, we find our special place.

We sense the river of life's gentle flow,
 With the garden's bloom, a radiant show,
 Birds serenade, in joyful symphony,
 In Krishna's love, together we shall be.

The stars above, their eyes upon our dance,
 As we, like crescent moons, in love's expanse,
 Krishna, you and I, boundless and free,
 In this sacred union, eternally we'll be.

Un-selfed, we walk, ignoring idle minds,
 To the realm of love, where treasure binds,
 Heaven's parrots, their sweet laughter sings,
 In Krishna's love, our hearts take flight on wings.

One form on this earth, another divine,
 In Krishna's love, our souls forever entwined,
 In timeless lands, we'll find a sacred shore,
 In Krishna's love, forever, we adore.

CHAOTIC WORLD AND KRISHNA

In a world consumed by strife and bitter feud,
 Where brother turns on brother, a cruel interlude,
 Recite, dear Krishna, a lullaby to soothe the night,
 A song of peace and love, to end this endless fight.

Let your tender notes calm the hearts of men,
 For in your melody, we find peace again,
 In the cradle of your song, let hatred fall,
 As we listen to your lullaby, the sweetest of all.

Though wars have raged and darkness seems to reign,
 Your lullaby, dear Krishna, eases every pain,
 In your soothing words, we find a tranquil shore,
 As you sing us to sleep, and the battles are no more.

So recite your lullaby, with a gentle grace,
 Bring an end to conflict, let love embrace,
 In the midst of chaos, let your music be our guide,
 As we close our eyes and peacefully reside.

KRISHNA'S AURA GLEAMS

In the tapestry of existence, Krishna adorns,
 His grace transcends, in myriad forms.
 From rustic villages to city streets' array,
 His essence lingers, in the dawn's first ray.

With an ever-smiling face, he strolls so serene,
 Melodies from his lyre, create a celestial scene.
 His presence whispers in the gentle breeze,
 In every rustling leaf and dancing trees.

Behold his gait, so graceful and divine,
 As he waltzes through realms, in every design.
 His smile paints the sky with heavenly hue,
 In modernity's fabric, his essence rings true.

In each bustling corner and quiet nook,
 Krishna's aura gleams, from every look.
 He's the laughter in a child's carefree play,
 And the solace for all in a weary soul's day.

His hues paint diversity, in every shade,
 Uniting hearts in a way that shall never fade.
 For Krishna belongs to all, far and wide,
 In every soul's journey, as a spiritual guide.

FROM FLUTE TO SMARTPHONE

In the modern realm, where Krishna strides anew,
He's not the ancient deity, but a modern view,
From the divine temple, he descends to the street,
To walk with humanity, in rhythm and heartbeat.

Dressed not in robes, but jeans and a t-shirt's grace,
Krishna, a modern boy, with a familiar face,
He embraces technology, his smartphone in hand,
Guiding people forward, on life's shifting sand.

No celestial flute, but apps for every need,
In the modern age, Krishna plants the seed,
Of knowledge, of wisdom, and work's daily bread,
A digital guide, where human spirits are led.

In code and circuitry, he finds a sacred place,
Aiding all in need, with a warm, welcoming embrace,
Modern Krishna, in the digital and virtual sphere,
Teaches love and unity, to keep the world sincere.

He's not confined by time or ancient lore,
But walks with us daily, forevermore,
Modern Krishna, a guiding, shining star,
In the 21st century, no matter how near or far.

KRISHNA IN DIGITAL AMBIT

In the sacred realm of devotion's grace,
Krishna, the eternal guide, we embrace.
No longer in temples, a modern man's quest,
He dwells among us and in our souls to bless.

In this digital age, where hearts find light,
Krishna's wisdom shines so pure and bright.
Teaching us the path to the divine,
In every pixel, His presence will shine.

Krishna's grace leads us on this sacred quest,
In a world where technology and faith invest.
From ancient texts, His lessons we draw,
Guiding us with love, His eternal law.

In Krishna's light, our spirits take flight,
The modern mystic, in His love, unite.
As we blend tradition and technology's art,
Krishna lives in every devotee's heart.

So let us walk this spiritual way,
With Krishna's guidance, come what may.
In every moment, in every prayer,
Krishna's love, our hearts will declare.

ELEGY OF HOPE

In this elegy, I beseech, O Krishna dear,
As chaos reigns, and the world's gripped by fear,
Restore the heaven on this earthly plane,
Where peace and love, not discord, shall reign.

For politicians, some have lost their way,
In pandemonium, they hold their sway,
Their selfish aims disrupt the sacred flow,
O Krishna, please guide them, let wisdom grow.

They chant God's names, but their deeds betray,
The spirit true, they've led astray,
Perish their ways, cleanse hearts and minds,
With your divine grace, let love unwind.

We seek your light, your loving embrace,
To heal the world, in this troubled space,
Transform the chaos into paradise,
With your presence, all evil shall demise.

May your wisdom guide the leaders' hand,
In unity, may they together stand,
Reignite the flame of love and grace,
In this world, O Krishna, restore your place.

Let your sacred influence reach each soul,
Fill their hearts, make them pure and whole,
In this elegy, our earnest plea,
O Krishna, grant us the world we long to see.

KRISHNA'S INTERVENTION

Oh, Krishna, our beloved deity divine,
In the land of sacred rivers and ancient shrines,
Where harmony once thrived, in every heart,
Now political discord tears our world apart.

Politicians manipulate, a sinister game they play,
Dividing us for power, leading our souls astray,
They invoke the sacred names in empty guise,
While fueling hatred that beneath the surface lies.

Our motherland, a place of beauty and grace,
Now echoes with the discord that politicians embrace,
They've turned our unity into a battleground,
Oh Krishna, in your name, this chaos should not be found.

With sacred rivers' blessings and temples grand,
This land was once united, the world would understand,
Restore the peace and love that we once knew,
In this vast nation, let your message shine through.

Perish the politicians who stoke this fiery fray,
With selfish agendas, they lead us all astray,
Bring an end to this madness, let your mercy descend,
Heal our wounded souls, dear Krishna, our friend.

MANIFEST NOW OH KRISHNA

In the sacred verses of the Geeta, Krishna spoke with grace,
 “Never was there a time when I did not exist,” His embrace,
 He revealed an eternal truth, profound and bright,
 But now, dear Krishna, why hide from our sight?

Why dwell in the secret realms, unseen and unknown,
 When your smile could illuminate the world, brightly shown,
 Come, Krishna, to this arena, to the people’s yearning hearts,
 Let your everlasting smile in every soul impart.

In the realms of time, past, present, and to be,
 You’ve been a beacon of wisdom for eternity,
 Now let that wisdom be the guide, the sacred light,
 Illuminate our paths, Krishna, in this endless night.

Though hidden, your presence resides in every breath,
 In each dawn’s embrace and in the arms of death,
 Reveal yourself, Krishna, to those in search of grace,
 Let your divine smile shine upon every face.

In a world torn by discord, confusion, and despair,
 Your love and wisdom can heal, repair, and repair,
 Come forth, Krishna, in this realm of joy and strife,
 And lead us toward the truth, the eternal, boundless life.

For the wisdom of the Geeta is not confined to time,
 It’s a message for humanity, a spiritual climb,
 In every heart, in every soul, Krishna, let it be known,
 You are our eternal guide, our light, our very own.

KRISHNA’S NECTAR

Krishna, once you walked this earth as human kin,
 Your love and wisdom teaching us from deep within,
 Yet some claim your nectar’s meant for but a chosen few,
 Descend from the heavens, share your message, true.

Tell them, Krishna, there’s more to devotion than it seems,
 It’s not confined to rituals, or mere pipe dreams,
 Many hearts hold love for you, so pure and bright,
 Unseen, unheard, but burning with your light.

You walked among us, your teachings clear and vast,
 No boundaries to your love, in the present and the past,
 Declare, Krishna, your nectar is for all who sincerely seek,
 Not just for a few, but for the humble and the meek.

In loving silence, in kindness, they embrace your grace,
 Those who follow your path, in each and every place,
 So reveal to the world, Krishna, the truth you so hold,
 That true devotion dwells in hearts of pure gold.

The nectar of your song, a gift to souls so pure,
 Unseen by the world, an enduring treasure to secure,
 In this message, Krishna, your devotees unite,
 Those who truly love you, their devotion shines so bright.

KRISHNA'S NECTAR FOR ALL

In Krishna's name, we humbly pray,
Let nectar flow for all today,
No matter where we find our way,
In Krishna's love, we seek to stay.

For those who chant with open hearts,
A love that never truly departs,
In Krishna's grace, all souls unite,
To bask in love's eternal light.

No barriers, no caste or creed,
In Krishna's love, all beings freed,
The nectar of his song so sweet,
For every heart, a sacred treat.

Krishna, hear our fervent plea,
Let all your grace and wisdom be,
To every soul, both near and far,
In every heart, like the brightest star.

In unity, let voices swell,
With Krishna's love, the truth we'll tell,
The nectar flows, let all partake,
For all our hearts, your love will wake.

So Krishna, grant this fervent call,
Let love and wisdom touch us all,
In every soul, a sacred song,
Together, where we all belong.

A SPIRITUAL JOURNEY

In thy divine grace, Krishna, we find,
A love that's boundless, beautifully designed,
Thou art My Krishna, to you, I confide,
In your love and grace, forever I'll abide.

Sanjay's Krishna, you guide with insight,
In your wisdom, we find our true light,
Anar's Krishna, with devotion so pure,
Your love, in our hearts, will ever endure.

Dharm's Krishna, you teach the righteous way,
With your guidance, we walk every day,
Our respected Anandibahen's Krishna so dear,
May your blessings surround us, always near.

Thou art my friend's Krishna, in bonds so tight,
Thou art my foe's Krishna, in your grace, we unite,
Thou art Man's Krishna, all hearts you inspire,
The Women's Krishna, with love that never tires.

Jagu's Krishna, in your love, we find delight,
Pritu's Krishna, your grace is shining bright,
Dhruv's Krishna, your wisdom we explore,
Nishant's Krishna, in your love, we implore.

Lol's Krishna, your laughter, a melody,
Vidyut's Krishna, your light, so heavenly,
Thou art my Student's Krishna, Teacher's too,
In your boundless love, we find life anew.

In every soul, you find your sacred place,
In your divine love, we find boundless grace,
Krishna, dwell in us, bless us, we implore,
In your love and light, forever we'll explore.

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OUR BELOVED KRISHNA

In the realm of devotion, Krishna divine and true,
Resides in hearts and souls, in me and you,
Sanjay, with a smile that brightens every day,
Anandibahen's wisdom guides us on our way.

Anar, a sister with her mother's grace,
Walks the path of intellect, a sacred space,
Students, hardworking, their dedication shines,
Friends, unwavering, in life's complex designs.

In the company of foes, may wisdom be their guide,
May Krishna's blessings lead them, side by side,
Vidyut and Dhruv, like brothers, true and dear,
Pritu's ambitions concealed, yet crystal clear.

Nishant, with his manners, polite and refined,
Two sons, Pritu and Nishant, in our hearts enshrined,
And Lol, playful, both spendthrift and thrifty,
In Krishna's love, our souls are forever nifty.

Together, we stand, a tapestry of devotion and love,
Under Krishna's grace, guided from above,
Our beloved Krishna, a thread that binds us all,
In this shared devotion, we hear your eternal call.

KRISHNA'S PROMISE

In this age of progress, Krishna roamed the sphere,
Observing modern life, seeing both far and near,
He saw the world in turmoil, with pangs and deep disdain,
People thriving in advancement, yet morality seemed to wane.

With marvel and with sorrow, he gazed upon this sight,
His progeny had thrived, reaching impressive height,
But within their grand success, some virtues left behind,
Krishna's heart grew heavy, for they'd lost their moral bind.

He pondered on the changes, the modern world's design,
His beloved children's path, a mixture of decline,
In their quest for progress, they'd lost their moral guide,
Krishna contemplated deeply, with love he'd help them ride.

The people longed for wisdom, their hearts were filled with thirst,
In this age of modernity, where ancient values burst,
With a vow to reappear, in a new poem he'd convey,
A path to lead them forward, in love and light, they'd sway.

So Krishna left this world, but his promise held so tight,
To return with guidance, and lead them to the light,
In the age of progress, in the world so vast,
Krishna's rhyme of wisdom, a message that will last.

KRISHNA PEEPS INTO PEOPLES LIVES

In India's grand city, Krishna strolled with grace,
Amidst towering buildings, he wandered at his own pace,
His visage wore a gentle smile, a sight to captivate,
Eyes radiant with love and kindness, his heart's true state.

Through a bustling cloth market, he passed with tender gaze,
Where fabrics of myriad colors adorned the sunlit maze,
Men and women pulled carts, parcels in their tight hold,
While the blazing sun cast macadamized roads in waves of gold.

Beneath a small tree, an old couple found their place,
Scantly clad, weathered by time, their lives a ceaseless chase,
The old man's form skeletal, his ribs so starkly displayed,
As trucks and vehicles roared past, in smoky fumes they swayed.

The old lady, by his side, donned a tattered, patched sari fair,
Barely sheltered beneath its folds, a sight of utmost despair,
Her gentle hand wiped his pallid face with utmost care,
As Krishna drew near, he sighed, feeling their burden to bear.

He gazed upon their hardship, their world of strife,
With a heart full of compassion, he carried the weight of life,
In the heart of the city's grandeur, he witnessed their plight,
Krishna's love and empathy, shining in the city's light.

KRISHNA IN A GARDEN

In a garden, with blossoms of vibrant hue,
 Krishna walks, spreading fragrance anew,
 His smile, a sunbeam, radiant and true,
 As nature's symphony around him grew.

Birds and bees, they swarm with delight,
 In Krishna's presence, their spirits take flight,
 Colorful butterflies, a wondrous sight,
 Perched on his crest, their colors ignite.

In harmony, nature's beings commune,
 Obeying the laws, sun, and the moon,
 Krishna ponders, in a reflective tune,
 As this garden is nature's sweet festoon.

He muses on humans, on their discord and strife,
 Why don't they align with nature, the essence of life?
 He pauses, then sighs, a promise to convey,
 Uniting them with nature, a pledge to stay.

KRISHNA IN A TOMATO FARM

In the heart of a village, Krishna ventured one day,
 Amidst sprawling fields, where tomato plants sway,
 Farmers toiled hard, their labour a crucial part,
 Bearing nature's bounty with each tomato's start.

Krishna found a farmer and his wife, side by side,
 In their bounteous tomato farm, their toil they couldn't hide,
 A sea of red spread around them, the color so bright,
 Yet Krishna sensed deeper hues in the farmer's plight.

Amidst the vibrant red, the labourers did tread,
 Their sweat and toil, their daily bread,
 Farmers spun tales of struggle and toil,
 Of endless battles with the unforgiving soil.

The tomato's red was a blend of many shades,
 From the brilliant sun to the workers' parades,
 A canvas painted with their hardship and pain,
 A tapestry of love, etched by labour's gain.

Turning his gaze to an Agriculture Produce yard,
 A vast market where hopes and dreams were marred,
 Countless farmers gathered, their harvests on display,
 For a price that barely lit the dawn of a new day.

Krishna's heart stood still, filled with pity and pain,
As he witnessed the bold print, bearing the farmers' name,
"Farmers Agriculture Produce Market," it read,
A poignant reminder of their toil, in silence said.

In this land of vivid red, Krishna stood with grace,
He saw the world in colors that blended every face,
Amid the labour and toil, and the sun's relentless beat,
The tapestry of life, where love and labour meet.

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KRISHNA IN A TOMATO FARM-II

In Krishna's footsteps, a rural journey unfolds,
Where farmers toil, their stories left untold,
In the heart of a tomato field, rich and red,
With sweat and labour, their hands are spread.

Krishna meets a farmer and his spouse,
In their tomato haven, where dreams douse,
The vibrant red paint of their livelihood's art,
Hides the tales of struggle, etched in every part.

The farmer shares his story, a somber ode,
Of sweat-soaked days, along the harvest road,
The red hues around, a symbol of their toil,
As Krishna listens, his heart begins to boil.

Onward to the produce yard, where farmers convene,
The marketplace scene, stark and obscene,
"Farmers' Agriculture Produce Market" it reads,
A cruel reminder of their unmet needs.

Krishna's compassion swells for those who toil,
Their plight concealed in a crimson soil,
In the world of agriculture, their lives entwined,
A tale of sacrifice, resilience, and humankind.

KRISHNA'S VISIT TO A VILLAGE

In the tranquil village nestled in the glen,
Dwells the carpenter, the smith, and working men,
Each with a tale of toil, their burden borne,
In the pangs of life, where dreams are torn.

The carpenter with hands that craft and create,
Sculpts and carves, yearning to navigate,
Through life's knots and grain, with every stroke,
His humble heart, every piece bespoke.

The smith, a fiery soul at the forge's flame,
Molding metal, forging a sturdy name,
In the furnace's heat, his sweat does pour,
A life's anvil, where strength he restores.

And the blacksmith, skilled with iron and coal,
Shapes the future with each hammer's toll,
In the glowing embers, he crafts with care,
Life's burdens shared, his spirits flare.

Each one carries a burden, each one knows,
The heart-touching pangs that life bestows,
In the village's rhythm, they find their grace,
The carpenter, the smith, in this sacred space.

WHY KRISHNA?

In Krishna, I find love, an endless stream,
The heart of a dreamer, a poet's cherished theme,
Why do I write on Krishna, you may inquire,
A quest for the divine, to which I aspire.

For Krishna is a smile, kind and sincere,
Easily approachable, to those who draw near,
In Krishna, no bounds, no limits to confide,
A canvas of divinity, where love resides.

Ram commands respect, his arrows unbowed,
Discipline and rigor, as his virtue's shroud,
To Buddha, I bow, in serene repose,
A path of wisdom, where tranquility flows.

Christ and Muhammad, revered far and wide,
With sacred teachings, in which souls confide,
Yet, in Krishna, I see a love so deep,
A treasure trove of inspiration to keep.

Regardless of faith, it's Krishna's grace,
His smiling face, where love finds its place,
A raga of devotion, from his flute so sweet,
In Krishna's embrace, my verses find a seat.

KRISHNA AMONG POORS

In Krishna's holy city, a tale unfolds,
A queue of paupers in ragged clothes,
Near the temple of gold, they wait in line,
Hoping for Darshan, sublime and divine.

Pilgrims throng, eager for Krishna's grace,
Morning and evening, they fill the sacred space,
Doors open to reveal the idol's sweet smile,
Fruits and sweets laid out in a splendid pile.

Yet, Krishna, the divine, in a bold disguise,
Silently departs from his heavenly rise,
He walks to the paupers, humble and meek,
To share their plight, to hear them speak.

Among the needy, he patiently stands,
His own turn approaching, in humble lands,
The server pours out the food with care,
But Krishna's folded hands remain bare.

With a smile that speaks of love and grace,
He watches, understanding each hungry face,
For in this act, he teaches what's profound,
Compassion and empathy, forever unbound.

DIVINE DEED OF A HUMBLE GOD

In a city vast, midst the bustling throng,
Where devotion's fervor continuously strong,
A temple of silver and gold stood, tall and grand,
Its doors opened, a sight glorious and grand.

Pilgrims came from places near and far,
For Krishna's blessings, like a shining star,
Each morn and eve, the sanctum unveiled,
With sweets and fruits, love never curtailed.

In the midst of this devout parade,
Krishna smiled and left His form displayed,
Stepping out from the sculpted idol's gleam,
His mission different, a divine scheme.

Cloaked in humility, to the queue He went,
Where paupers gathered, their hearts content,
A servant of souls, unseen and unheard,
In a simple line, His actions spoke every word.

The food server offered, from a vessel wide,
Krishna's hands outstretched, a gesture tied,
Yet they remained empty, unfilled by the fare,
A lesson profound, beyond all compare.

With grace, He smiled, in that silent review,
Divine compassion, in every gaze it grew,
The disparity shown in the humble line,
Where love knows no bounds, and all is divine.

KRISHNA WHISPERS IN SCARECROW'S EARS

In the lush green fields, where crops stretch wide,
Wheat, millet, paddy and rye, in abundance reside,
Yeomen have built a hut and a Scarecrow by their side,
To protect the harvest, they stand with pride.

The Scarecrow, tall and thin, in a bowler hat on high,
Torn overcoat, a farmer's guise, against the blue sky,
Birds descend like dancers, a graceful, swift ally,
Nipping at the corn seeds, on tippy-toes they ply.

Yet when they spy the Scarecrow, they take to flight,
Playing hide and seek, in the golden sunlight,
Krishna watches this scene, his heart pure and right,
He goes to the Scarecrow, with a smile so bright.

Whispers in its ear, "Be liberal, my dear friend,
The birds are gentle souls, on love, they depend,
In your noble duty, may compassion blend,
With kindness, their hunger and fear transcend."

With a knowing nod, the Scarecrow takes the cue,
To guard the crops with love, not just to shoo,
The birds can feast with hearts so true,
In this dance of nature, their love shall renew.

KRISHNA THE GUIDING STAR

In a world of conflict, strife, and despair,
Krishna, if with us today, would show he cares,
With wisdom vast and heart so kind,
His presence a soothing balm for humankind.

In the face of war's dark and looming dread,
Krishna's actions would be steps well-led,
He'd convene world leaders, foes and friends,
Uniting nations for a peaceful, common end.

Krishna's words of wisdom, a gentle plea,
To shun the path of war, to set minds free,
He'd remind us all, in a voice so clear,
That humanity's better served by love and cheer.

Through dialogue and diplomacy, he'd strive,
To help the nations their differences to derive,
Each leader's ego, Krishna would allay,
Revealing the futility of battles on display.

With a flick of his wrist, he'd bring leaders close,
To a round table of peace, where harmony engross,
By exchanging ideas, their aims redefined,
Conflicts would be resolved, with peace in mind.

Krishna, in this world, with love's sweet song,
Would teach humanity where it went wrong,
By spreading love and kindness, as of yore,
He'd lead us toward a world of peace, evermore.

In his presence, nations would unite,
Choosing love over hate, wrongs set right,
Krishna's grace, like a soothing rain,
Would heal the world's wounds, and peace regain.

In a contemporary world marked by division,
Krishna's timeless love offers a vision,
Of unity and peace, where strife shall cease,
His message of love, our guiding light, in peace.

Krishna's divine intervention, if brought to bear,
Could help our world in peace and love to fare,
With his wisdom and grace, as in days of old,
The harmony of humanity's story retold.

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KRISHNA'S SONG ON DIFFERENT SPELL

In a realm where mystics and poets dwell,
I sing of Krishna in a different spell,
Not Meerabai's devotion, Raskhan's embrace,
Nor Jayasi's epic, nor Dayaram's grace.

Krishna, the enigma of timeless lore,
In modern context, I seek to explore,
Not through the eyes of ancient verse,
But with a contemporary, poetic universe.

A Krishna beyond traditional devotion's fire,
In the bustling streets of a modern mire,
He navigates the concrete, not just Gokul's clay,
In the spirit of the present, I wish to convey.

In this diverse world, where beliefs entwine,
I seek to find Krishna, in your heart and mine,
A symbol of unity, love, and timeless grace,
In today's world, may we find his embrace.

He's more than folklore, in temples enshrined,
In every heart, his presence we can find,
A guide through the chaos, a source of light,
In a world that needs Krishna, to make things right.

So let's explore Krishna in a different key,
In a modern tale where we all are free,
To seek his essence beyond tradition's gate,
And in today's world, let Krishna's love abate.

BEYOND BOUNDARIES AND TRADITIONS

In the digital realm, my song takes flight,
A modern Krishna, in a different light,
No longer bound by tales of ancient lore,
But seeking Krishna in the world we explore.

In code and circuits, where data streams flow,
I find Krishna, in this modern techno-glow,
Not just a deity on a temple's shrine,
But in the pulse of life, where we all intertwine.

He's more than miracles and tales of yore,
In today's world, we seek him to the core,
A guide through pixels, networks, and screens,
In a universe of bytes, where knowledge convenes.

Krishna, the symbol of wisdom and love,
In the modern context, we rise above,
The boundaries of tradition, the ancient script,
And find his essence in each digital byte we script.

In the language of bytes, our search begins,
A Krishna who transcends mere devotional hymns,
No longer bound by folklore's ancient grip,
In a world where technology takes the lead trip.

So let's explore Krishna in this modern sphere,
With reverence and awe, yet free from fear,
A Krishna of the now, in the digital fray,
To guide us through life, in his own unique way.

TIMELESS CALL

In the Bhagavad Gita's sacred verse,
Krishna imparts wisdom, diverse,
Lessons for a soul in the modern day,
To guide them on their own unique way.

"Yoga of knowledge," the path he unfolds,
In the world today, as the story unfolds,
Wisdom and duty, in a digital age,
In life's complex code, we seek the sage.

The self and the soul, Krishna portrays,
In the modern world, where the mind sways,
Balancing work, and life's endless quest,
Krishna's words guide us to find our best.

"Detachment and action," he teaches us all,
In today's challenges, big and small,
To face life's battles, the chaos, and strife,
Krishna's wisdom leads to a harmonious life.

"Supreme consciousness" in every living thing,
A modern lesson, the song that we sing,
To seek the divine, in all that surrounds,
In nature's beauty, where peace abounds.

Krishna's words resonate in the digital space,
In the modern world, we find our place,
A guide for the soul, on life's unique quest,
In Krishna's wisdom, we find our rest.

So let us heed Krishna's timeless call,
In today's context, where challenges befall,
With his teachings in mind, we tread our way,
In the modern world, where we live each day.

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SANKHYA IN MODERN LINE

In Krishna's teachings, a truth divine,
Purush and Prakriti, in a modern line,
In the world of science, where knowledge prevails,
These eternal concepts, our spirit entails.

Purush, the soul, the observer, the seer,
In the digital age, where vision is clear,
With mindful perception, we find our way,
In the complex world of the modern day.

Prakriti, nature's force, both gentle and wild,
In the age of technology, where minds are compiled,
The dance of creation, where elements unite,
In the modern world, where we seek our light.

The fusion of soul and nature's grand show,
In the digital age, where thoughts freely flow,
Krishna's wisdom guides, as we march ahead,
Balancing progress and the truths we've read.

Democracy's values, within the Gita reside,
In the modern world, where freedoms are wide,
Equality and justice, in a society's core,
In Krishna's teachings, we find them more.

The individual's rights and collective voice,
In a world where people make their choice,
Krishna's wisdom encompasses the modern sphere,
In the modern age, his teachings we revere.

Purush and Prakriti, democracy's grace,
In the digital age, where we find our place,
In Krishna's teachings, the modern path we chart,
With wisdom and freedom in every heart.

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NEED OF STEADY MIND

Stood, as a sage serene, *Sthitpragya*, is defined,
In the Bhagavad Gita's verses, enshrined,
Krishna imparts the wisdom to attain,
A tranquil state of mind, free from pain.

Why, in our modern world, is this sage's grace,
A *Sthitpragya*'s path, a need we must embrace?
In developing lands, where chaos can roar,
Does divine insight hold a purpose, and more?

The rush of progress, an unceasing stream,
Can leave a nation adrift, lost in its dream,
The rapid march forward, technology's reign,
Yet inner turmoil, a persistent, silent bane.

Sthitpragya's lesson, in life's complex dance,
Offers solace, balance, a mindful stance,
In the burgeoning cities, where buildings grow tall,
It's the inner landscape, the core, we must recall.

For riches and knowledge, we all aspire,
Yet peace within, a higher goal we aspire,
To be steadfast in both loss and gain,
A *Sthitpragya*'s mindset, free from life's chain.

Amidst progress and growth, a nation's quest,
The divine message of Krishna is the best,
In the developing country's path, it's clear,
A *Sthitpragya*'s guidance, a way sincere.

To face the tumultuous tide of our age,
Not with fear and despair, but wisdom engage,
In a world of ambition, let our hearts be free,
Sthitpragya's lessons provide a luminous key.

So, in developing lands, the need is clear,
For *Sthitpragya*'s wisdom to persevere,
The balance between spirit and worldly demand,
A divine message, vital in the shifting sand.

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MUSING ON JANMASHTAMI

In my village, where rustic scenes unfold,
On Janmashtami, a story to be retold,
A village wrapped in Krishna's tender grace,
A place where my childhood memories embrace.

As a child, I crafted Krishna with care,
From humble clay, a creation pure and fair,
Then in a cradle, I placed the infant divine,
A loving tribute on Krishna's birthday, so fine.

Village girls observed fast with devotion,
Their voices rose in harmonious commotion,
Garabi songs, in rustic praise they'd sing,
To Krishna, the eternal, their offerings they'd bring.

Next day, a small clay temple they'd rear,
To submerge in water, tells a tradition clear,
But if one drizzled water before the sendoff start,
The girls would return singing, in joyful heart,

This tradition in my village, simple yet sweet,
Of love for Krishna, in every heart's beat,
A bond with the divine, a memory to treasure,
In my village, Krishna's love was sans measure.

A timeless tale of devotion and delight,
From a rustic village, a pure and shining light,
With humble offerings and songs that soar,
Krishna's love, in Sundarpur, we'll forever adore.

KRISHNA ON DIGITAL ARENA

In the pixelated dawn of the modern age,
Krishna strides through the digital stage.
His flute's notes, now coded in symphonies,
Echo through the circuits, zeros, and cronies.

Gopis adorned in corporate attire,
Their longing hearts fueled by Wi-Fi fire.
He dances not on the banks of Yamuna,
But in the data streams, a cosmic lacuna.

The city lights reflect in his peacock feather,
A deity of circuits, connecting souls together.
In boardrooms, not pastures, the Gopis reside,
Striving for success, with Krishna as their guide.

He's the tech-savvy sage of algorithms divine,
Scripting verses in a binary design.
Nature's call not ignored in urban sprawl,
Krishna, a green activist, answering the call.

Amidst skyscrapers, his cosmic dance unfolds,
DJ of souls, melodies in circuits enfold.
In a concrete jungle, his flute's sweet hum,
Echoes through realms, a digital kingdom.

So, in this modern Krishna's cosmic play,
The timeless *Leela* finds a digital display.

SEEKING KRISHNA'S TOUCH

In the modern world, where chaos unfurls,
Oh Krishna, your magic, in our hearts it swirls.
With a flick of your wrist, your wonders take flight,
Guiding us through the darkness, like a flare of light.

Your flute's sweet melody, is a soothing embrace,
In a world of turmoil, it finds its rightful place.
With your divine magic, heal each wounded heart,
Bringing unity and love, it's a wondrous art.

Oh Krishna, in this sphere, we humbly implore,
Let your magic envelop us, forevermore.
Expel hatred and maladies, like mountains so tall,
Guide us to a world where compassion does enthrall.

With your touch of magic, turn the tide of despair,
Lead us to a world where love is in the air.
In the midst of darkness, be our guiding star,
Oh Krishna, the world's greatest magician, near and far.

We pray to you, Krishna, with devotion so grand,
In your magic and love, we find our own stand.
Lift our burdens; cleanse our souls from the strife,
With your divine magic, lead us to a better life.

LEAD US WHERE KINDNESS FLOWS

Amidst Vrindavan's serene, lush embrace,
 Krishna, the eternal God, with a smiling face,
 Lifted Govardhan, a mountain so high,
 To shelter his people 'neath the endless sky.

With the mountain on his little finger's grace,
 He shielded them from Indra's watery chase.
 In Krishna's loving care, they found their place,
 Safe from the storm, a divine saving grace.

Now, in a world where rulers wield their might,
 The people suffer, in darkness and in plight.
 Oh, Krishna, with your love and endless light,
 Save us from their grasp, lead us to what's right.

The curse of tyranny, we long to be free,
 In your loving guidance, our souls find glee.
 Beneath the shadow of oppression's tree,
 Lead us, dear Krishna, to a world that's key.

With the Govardhan mountain as a sign,
 A symbol of your love, eternally divine,
 Guide us from the rulers' monstrous line,
 Oh, Krishna, make our world, once more, benign.

In your grace, dear Krishna, we repose,
 In your loving shelter, our heart bestows.
 Lift us from suffering, as your love grows,
 And lead us to a world where kindness flows.

KRISHNA'S ODYSSEY

On a chariot of wind, drawn by Hippogriff's flight,
 Krishna soars across the heavens, both day and night.
 Through starry realms and earthly sights to behold,
 He traverses a world, stories yet untold.

In the modern world's bustling sprawl,
 Where dreams take flight and skyscrapers tall,
 Krishna witnesses both joy and woe,
 A world in flux, yet a divine glow.

Amidst the city's rush, people's ceaseless pace,
 He glimpses smiles, yet hidden tears trace.
 The dichotomy of happiness and strife,
 A world in need of peace, a yearning for life.

Through the verdant valleys and mountains high,
 Krishna senses the earth's gentle sigh,
 A whisper of troubles, a yearning for peace,
 In every land, woes seeking release.

With compassion in his heart, joy in his eyes,
 He promises a dawn where suffering dies.
 "Peace and prosperity," his resolute vow,
 To banish the world's troubles, here and now.

In every embrace of nature's serene grace,
In every city's bustling chase,
Krishna promises a world anew,
With harmony and hope for me and you.

He rides on, across oceans and lands,
Extending blessings with his divine hands.
For Krishna, in his world tour grand,
Holds the promise of a peaceful land.

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KRISHNA IN EVERY HUE

In colours arrayed, Krishna stands, divine and bright,
Red, the hue of love, his essence takes flight.
In heart's embrace, his warmth, a crimson trace,
In passionate ardour, his presence we embrace.

Green, the verdant realm, where Krishna does play,
Nature's canvas, in his dance holds mirthful sway.
In meadows green, his spiritual laughter rings,
Whispers of leaves, tells sagas of his holy strings.

Yellow, the radiance, he brings to the day,
Sun-kissed smiles in his playful display.
Like dawn's golden streaks, his grace unfurls,
In fields of sunshine, he dances and twirls.

Orange hues paint tales of his celestial blaze
In fervour and zeal and his magnificent ways
Like sunset's grasp, his warmth softly glows,
In every horizon, his aura gently flows.

Blue, the serene sky, his tranquil abode,
In peace and in depth, his presence bestowed.
Like oceans vast, his wisdom does unfold,
In every ripple's dance, his stories retold.

White, purity's cloak, draped around his form,
In innocence and divinity, he's the norm.
In each gleaming star, his grace takes flight,
In purity's canvas, he paints in pure light.

Black, the veil of mystery, where he hides,
In secrets and shadows, his form abides.
Like night's embrace, his enigma resides,
In each whispered hush, his essence guides.

In hues of Krishna, divinity finds its play,
Each colour, tells a story, in his own way.
In the palette of life, his presence imbued,
Krishna, in every hue, in hearts pursued

FAQS ON WHY I WRITE ON KRISHNA

Why do you choose Krishna, not Ram or Buddha?
Krishna's love and versatility, unlike any other,
In Krishna, I find boundless love and grace,
A connection that transcends time and space

But what about Ram, Dharma's steadfast king?
I respect him greatly, his virtues make hearts sing.
Yet in Krishna's smile, I find a unique charm,
A love that shields us from the world's harm.

What about Buddha, the enlightened one?
His teachings, noble, like the rising sun,
While Buddha's wisdom I deeply adore,
Krishna's love speaks to me even more.

Why not write about Christ or Muhammad's way?
I do revere them, their guidance I convey,
But in Krishna's rasa and his melodious song,
I find a love that keeps my spirit strong.

Why Krishna, not Buddha, Christ, or Ram?
Krishna's love and grace, a soothing balm,
In Krishna, I find boundless peace and calm,
A connection that transcends, a spiritual psalm.

I appreciate Buddha's wisdom, deep and wide,
Christ's love and sacrifice, a comforting guide,
Ram's virtuous path, where ideals reside,
But in Krishna, my heart and soul coincide.

FAQs on why I write on Krishna, you see,
He's the essence of love, unbounded and free.

GLOSSARY :

1. “सर्वं खल्विदं ब्रह्म” in its poetic resonance, proclaims the sublime truth: “All this vast cosmos, every iota of existence, intricately interwoven, is naught but the divine essence of Brahman.” This Sanskrit verse from Vedanta philosophy beautifully unveils the cosmic tapestry, celebrating the harmonious unity and interconnectedness of the universe, each fragment resonating with the divine brilliance of Brahman.
2. **Adi Shankara or Adi Shankaracharya** : The eminent 8th-century philosopher, renowned for Advaita Vedanta, penned the *Prasthanatrayi* - illuminating commentaries on the Bhagavad Gita, Upanishads, and Brahma Sutras. His extensive travels, profound discourses, and establishment of monastic orders elevated the understanding of non-dualism, leaving an enduring legacy shaping Hindu philosophical thought, emphasizing the unity of the self with the divine.
3. **AI** : It stands for Artificial Intelligence, a branch of computer science focused on creating systems and machines that can perform tasks that typically require human intelligence.
4. **Alam** : A prominent poet who authored the profound work “Sudâmâ-carit,” expressing his literary prowess delving into themes surrounding spirituality, human emotions, and intricate narratives.
5. **CRISPR** stands for “Clustered Regularly Interspaced Short Palindromic Repeats.” It refers

to a revolutionary gene-editing technology that enables scientists to make precise changes to an organism’s DNA.

6. **Dayaram** : A prominent poet-saint in the Bhakti movement, known for his devotional compositions and hymns dedicated to Lord Rama and Krishna. His verses reflected deep spiritual devotion and emphasized the path of divine love and surrender.
7. **Dharma** : A fundamental concept in Hindu philosophy, embodies righteousness, duty, and moral order symbolising the ethical code that governs one’s conduct and actions, emphasizing virtues, justice, and moral responsibilities often translated as religion. A Proper name also.
8. **Draupadi** : An iconic figure in the Mahabharata, was the fiery wife of the Pandavas, born from flames. Her life brimmed with challenges, notably the disgraceful incident of her disrobing in the Kaurava court—an emblematic struggle against dishonour and a quest for justice. Lord Krishna’s divine intervention, delivering robes to preserve her honour, epitomized his protection of the virtuous and upheld righteousness.
9. **Duryodhana** : A central character in the epic Mahabharata, was the eldest Kaurava prince and a key antagonist known for his envy, cunning nature, and relentless animosity towards the Pandavas, which led to the catastrophic war of Kurukshetra.
10. **Garbi** : A traditional Indian folk song and dance form from Gujarat, honors Lord Krishna during Janmashtami. It features circular movements,

rhythmic clapping, and centers around a replica of Krishna's temple and cradle. Often thriving in North Gujarat's villages, it resonates as a spirited celebration, echoing devotion and joy for the revered deity.

11. **Gopi/Gopis** : Celestial maiden/s from Vrindavan, epitomize an ardent devotion and profound love for Lord Krishna in Hindu mythology, expressing through their dance and devotion an intricate yearning for spiritual union and the soul's quest for transcendence.
12. **Jagu** : It is the personal name of my dear friend Jagdish, akin to a brother, with whom I share all my poetic musings and heartfelt writings.
13. **Leela** : It unfolds as the celestial theater of divine play, an exquisite tapestry weaving the playful and enchanting exploits of Hindu gods, such as Krishna. This transcendent narrative radiates with joyous cosmic dances and whimsical tales, encapsulating the whimsy and boundless charm of the divine.
14. **Meera Bai** : A saint-poetess, radiated divine devotion through her compositions praising Lord Krishna.
15. **Narsinh Mehta** : A saint-poet from Gujarat in the 15th century, is celebrated for his devotional compositions, particularly in praise of Lord Krishna. He composed soul-stirring hymns known as "bhajans" that depicted the divine love and devotion for Krishna. Mehta's poetic creations spread spiritual teachings and emphasized the importance of love, faith, and devotion in one's connection with the divine.

16. **Nazir Akbarabadi** : A prominent poet known for his Urdu poetry, captured life's essence with wit and charm lo wrote in reverence to Lord Krishna.

17. **Pritesh, Swetank, Jagdish, Nishant, Dhruv, Lol, and Vidyut** these are the personal names dear to me, residing within my heart, cherished and always remembered, their essence a cherished part within my heart and mind.

18. **Raskhan**: A devout poet from the Bhakti movement, penned exquisite verses expressing intense love for Lord Krishna.

19. **Sthitpragya** : A term from the Bhagavad Gita, portrays a soul embodying steady wisdom and tranquil resilience. It denotes an individual anchored in inner equipoise, impervious to life's tumultuous tides, fostering a serene mind amid the ever-changing landscape of existence.

20. **Sundarpur** : It is a pretty village, which encapsulates the poet's cherished memories of a joyous celebration of Krishna's birth adorned in the rich hues of rustic folk culture, weaving an enchanting tale of tradition and mirth from his childhood days.

21. **The Bhagavad Gita** : The divine song offering profound knowledge known as Brahma-vidya from the Vedas is believed to have been composed as an independent text became part of the extensive Mahabharata. This cosmic epic, with a hundred thousand verses, is revered in India and its stories and teachings have deeply influenced Indian culture.

- 22. The Kauravas :** Pivotal characters in the Indian epic Mahabharata, descendants of King Dhritarashtra, who were in a bitter rivalry with their cousins, the Pandavas. They were known for their pride, ambition, and often for their unjust actions against the Pandavas, which ultimately led to their downfall in the battle.
- 23. Vrindavan :** Sacred town linked to Lord Krishna's childhood, revered for divine pastimes and teachings, a thriving pilgrimage site today.
- 24. Yashoda :** The foster mother of Lord Krishna, is revered for her boundless love and care for the divine child. Her endearing affection and maternal devotion have become an intrinsic part of Krishna's childhood tales, painting a picture of unconditional love and nurturing.

About the Book:

Enshrined within the pages of 'Krishna out of his Flute' lies a sumptuous collection of poetic verses, exquisite odes resonating with the celestial aura of Krishna in its multifaceted splendor. This anthology transcends the conventional boundaries, unfurling an ornate mosaic adorned with Krishna's divine essence—each verse a portrait capturing the divine playfulness and magnanimity of the revered deity. From the ethereal confinement within a photo frame to the vibrant canvases of modernity's digital realm, these verses intricately weave Krishna's omnipresence, transcending the conventional hymns to embroider a drapery that breathes life into the celestial poems. A departure from conventional poetry, the tomes poignantly paints Krishna not merely as a distant deity but as a vibrant, living entity. Here, Krishna steps forth from his mystical flute to merge intimately with his creation, offering solace and guidance amidst the melodies and maladies of modernity. As these verses traverse the realms of human afflictions, they beseech the divine for intervention, infusing the youth with renewed vigor and a revitalized essence of Krishna's timeless divinity—an elixir breathing new life into ancient lore and resonating deeply within the hearts of seekers and dreamers alike.

About the Author:

Dr. Intaj Malek, has embarked on an illustrious academic journey spanning Commerce, Law, English Literature, and Philosophy, culminating in the attainment of two doctorates in Literature and Philosophy. At Gujarat University, he served as an Honorary Guide in Philosophy, nurturing young intellects and introducing innovative short-term courses. Dr. Malek is a versatile writer, translator, and editor, making significant contributions to poetry, plays, books on Upanishads, Islamic Mysticism, as well as translated Poetry and Drama, and Philosophy. Currently, Dr. Malek holds the esteemed position of Honorary Director at the School of Philosophy and Theology, L J University, Ahmedabad, where he guides Ph.D. students in their research pursuits. Divine Publications takes great pride in presenting Dr. Malek's third book, following his acclaimed works, "Invisible Friends and other Plays" (Plays in translation) and "Harmonious Fusion" (Poetry). His profound contributions continue to enrich literary realms. Dr. Malek can be reached via email at intaj@poetic.com.



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